

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY  
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PRESS

THE WEAKEST GOETH  
TO THE WALL  
1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1912

This reprint of the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Feb. 1913.*

W. W. Greg.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company occurs the following entry :

.23. Octobris [1600] : . :

Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master pasfeild and  
master white Warden A booke called, the Weakest goethe to the  
Wallis . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup>

Richard  
Oliffes

[Arber's Transcript, III. 175.]

The play appeared in quarto, printed by Thomas Creede for Richard Olive and dated the same year. Copies of this edition are preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and collection of the Duke of Devonshire: all want the blank leaf at the beginning but are otherwise perfect. The first two have been collated throughout for the present reprint while the third has also been consulted, but the only real variation discovered is that in the running-title on sig. B 1<sup>v</sup> where the Bodleian copy has a misprint. The type of the quarto is roman and approximates in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). On 6 Nov. 1615 Olive's widow transferred her right in the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* to Philip Knight (Arber, III. 576), who on 18 Oct. 1617 passed it on to Richard Hawkins (Arber, III. 614). It was for Hawkins that a subsequent edition was printed in 1618 by G. P., i.e. George Purslowe. Of this copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Dyce collection, all perfect. The type is the same as in the earlier edition.

An attribution of the play to Dekker and Webster was made by Edward Phillips in 1675 and repeated by Winstanley in 1687. Like most of Phillips' ascriptions this rests upon a foolish misunderstanding of the early catalogues, in which

the play appears as anonymous, but it has been religiously recorded and discussed by recent writers in spite of the fact that Langbaine corrected the error as long ago as 1691.

The Earl of Oxford's company which is said on the title-page to have performed the piece, was a troupe of boys with whom Anthony Munday may have been associated. Not very much is known about them, but they can be traced in the provinces from 1580 to 1590; they performed at court on 27 Dec. 1584, and are known to have been in London in the winter of 1586-7 (J. T. Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i. 344, &c.). Between 1590 and 1600 nothing is heard of them, but the fact that a company under Oxford's patronage was habitually playing at the Bores Head in the spring of 1602 (Collections, i. 86), and further that a play belonging to it is described in the Stationers' Register on 3 July 1601 as 'lately playd' (Arber, III. 187), makes it unnecessary to suppose an early date for the present piece.

Though the historical setting is different, the play is clearly based upon the first novel, that of Sappho, Duke of Mantona, in Barnabe Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession*, 1581. The story is claimed by Rich as his own invention, and no Italian source has ever been discovered though critics have followed one another in asserting its existence.

In the reprint the division into scenes has been indicated in the margin, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts.

# LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to ‘sic’.

165 *speaker's name omitted*  
 235 c.w. *To*  
 270 c.w. 3 *Whom*  
 299 1 *Noble*  
 334 *runne as] possibly runneas*  
 363 *rhen*  
 386 *fields*  
 460 *put*  
 465 *cleyue*  
 629 *hardvnto*  
 659 *chefts,*  
 691 *plumens*  
 763 c.w. *betall,*  
 901 *fea-toft] hyphen doubtful*  
 960 *Lod,*  
 986 *Pater.*  
 1018 *tougue*  
 1080 *man tis? good*  
 1112 *beleefe,] possibly be leefe,*  
 1191 *not indented*  
 1248 *Ld.*  
 1311 *finde*  
 1494 *murdet*  
 1567 *Ferdinad*  
 1643 *Hypocisie*

1658 *line not full*  
 1726 *is gone?*  
 1823 *ro*  
 1896 *disafter*  
 1897 *imbalmimg*  
 1898 *my restraines my*  
 1961 *ignomy*  
 2002 *incenfured*  
 2010 *Sezton*  
 2026 *husband] s doubtful*  
 2044 *that that*  
 2056-7 *my my*  
 2064 *Odil*  
 2096 *to to*  
 2150 *Sift] possibly Sift*  
 2200 *my*  
 2234 *Christendomelet] possibly  
 Christendome. let but  
 the mark is probably ac-  
 cidental*  
 2368 *haste:*  
 B 1<sup>v</sup> *R.T. goeth] goech Bodl.  
 only*  
 sig. I 2 *misprinted H 2*

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

The King of FRANCE.	EMMANUEL, Duke of Brabant.
LODOWICK, Duke of Bullen (or Bulloigne).	LEONTIUS, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
MERCURY, Duke of Anjou.	FREDERICK, son to Lodowick, brought up as a foundling by Emmanuel and known as Ferdinand.
two Gentlemen.	ODILLIA, daughter to Emmanuel.
BARNABE BUNCH, an English butcher.	Sir NICHOLAS, a parish priest.
three Citizens.	SHAMONT, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
two Messengers.	LORD EPERNON, the French General.
JACOB VAN SMELT, a Flemish host.	two Soldiers of Epernon's.
ORIANA, wife to Lodowick.	VILLIERS, a merchant.
DIANA, his daughter.	two Messengers.
HERNANDO DE MEDINA, the Spanish General.	
UGO DE CORDOVA, his lieutenant.	
two Citizens of Shamount.	

French and Spanish soldiers, French nobles, a provost and headsman.

The original is inconsistent with regard to the names Frederick and Ferdinand (or Ferdinando) in the stage directions and speaker's names. He is first introduced with the direction 'Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeles' (l. 669). Otherwise in that scene (vi), and in scs. ix and xviii, he is Frederick (yet in l. 2105 we have *Fer.*); while in scs. xii, xv, and xvi he is Ferdinand. The confusion even extends to the text, for in l. 736 Emmanuel addresses him as Frederick. Lodowick, or Lodwick as the name is usually spelt, is duke of Bullen in sc. i, of Bulloigne in scs. xv-xviii, except in l. 2001 where the form Bullen reappears.

# THE VVEAKEST goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath bene sw<sup>d</sup>. dry times plaide by the right ho-  
nourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great  
Chamber'laine of England  
his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard  
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

1 6 0 0.





# THE WEAKEST

goeth to the wall.

A dombe shewe.

*After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of Burgundie, an other way, the Duke of Aniou with his power, they encounter, Burgundie is slaine. Then enter the Dutches of Burgundie with young Fredericke in her hand, who being pursued of the French, leaps into a River, leaving the child upon the banke, who is presently found by the duke of Brabant, who came to aid Burgundie, when it was too late.*

*Prologue.*

**T**He Duke of *Anion* fatally inclin  
Against the familie of *Bullen*, leades  
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,  
Where *Philp* younger brother of that house  
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,  
Receiv'd the foile, and being slaine himselfe,  
The souldiers afterward pursue his wife:  
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,  
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender sonne,  
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle *Philp*,  
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands  
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a River,  
And there vntimely perisht in the floud.  
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the shore,  
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

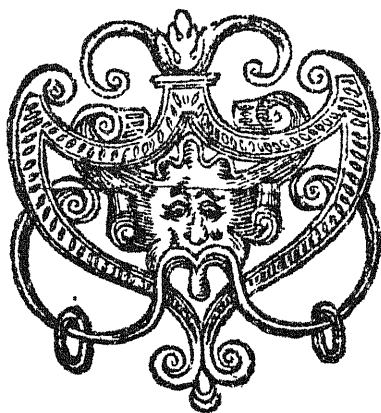
A 3

Thar

# THE WEAKEST

goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath been sundry times plaid by the right  
honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord  
great Chamberlaine of England  
his seruants.*



LONDON,

Printed by G. P. for *Richard Hawkins*, and  
are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-  
Lane, neere Sericants Inne. 1618.







# THE WEAKEST goeth to the Wall.

*As it hath bene sundry times plaide by the right honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great Chamberlaine of England  
his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard  
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

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# THE WEAKEST

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A dombe showe.

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## Prologue

*Prol.*

**T**He Duke of *Aniou* fatallie inclin'd  
Against the familie of *Bullen*, leades  
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,  
Where *Philip* younger brother of that house  
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,  
Receiu'd the foile, and being slaine himselfe,  
The souldiers afterward pursue his wife:  
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,  
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender sonne,  
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle *Philip*,  
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands  
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a Riuer,  
And there vntimely perisht in the flood.  
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the shore,  
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

11

20



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

That came with succour to relieue his friend  
Espies, and ignorant of whence he was  
Maintaines and keepes him, till he came to age:  
Of him, his fortune, and his fathers woes,  
The Scæne ensuing, further shall disclose.

*Exit.* 30

*Enter King of Fraunce, a noble man bearing his Crowne, and an Sc. i  
other his hatte, staffe, and Pilgrimes gowne, with them conuer-  
sing Duke Aniou, and Lodwicke, Duke of Bullen*

*King.* How long shall I intreate? how long my Lords,  
Will you detaine our holy Pilgrimage?  
Are not our vowes already registerd  
Vpon th'vnualued Sepulchre of Christ,  
And shall your malice and inueterate hate  
Like a contrarious tempest still diuorse  
Our soule, and her religious chaste desires? 40  
If it be treason to attempt by force,  
To take from me this earthly Crowne of mine,  
What is it when you studie to depriue  
My soule of her eternall Dyadem?  
Oh did you but regard my iust demaund,  
Or would like subiects tender your Kings zeale,  
You could not choose but entertaine a peace.  
Why frowne you then? why do your sparkling eyes  
Dart mortall arrowes in each others face?  
Am I a friend, and can I not perswade? 50  
Am I King, and shall I not preuaile?  
*Aniou* be pacified, and *Bullen* leaue  
To feed thy swelling stomake with contempt.  
*Lod* Your grace doth know (with pardon be it spoken)  
My wrongs are such, as I haue cause to frowne,  
Nor can you blame me if I loath his fight  
That was the butcher of my brothers life  
In *Burgundie* what slaughters did he make?

What

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

What tyrannie left he vnpractisde there?  
*Philip* suppress, did not their bloody hands  
Extend to women and resistlesse babes?  
Amongst the rest, was not the Dutchesse drown'd?  
And that which drawes continuall floods of teares  
From these mine eyes: and daily doth assaile  
My feeble heart with neuer dying grieffe,  
Miscarried not young *Fredericke* my sonne?  
Ah was not he vntimely by their meanes  
Cutte off, that should haue comforted mine age?  
Poore boy, whose pitteous speaking eye  
Might haue bene able to haue turnd the hearts  
Of sauage Lyons: yet they sparde him not.

60

70

*K1.* Ah speake no more of *Burgundies* discease,  
Nor wake the quiet slumber of thy sonne,  
But with the gray decrepit haire of thine  
That are expir'd since *Fredericke* was intomb'd,  
With his deare Aunt amidst the licquid waues,  
Let slip the memorie of that mishap,  
And now forget it, and forgiue it too.

*Lod.* Although I must confesse the least of these  
Incumbant euills, is argument enough  
To whet the bluntest stomacke to reuenge:  
Yet that your highnesse may perceiue my mind  
Doth fauour of mildnesse and compassion,  
And that the *Bullen* Duke may nere be found  
To be a Traitor to his Kings commaund,  
There is my dagger, and Ile lay my hand  
Vnder the foote of *Anjou* where he treads,  
And I will do it to deserue your loue

80

*K1.* Wee thanke thee *Bullen* for thy kind respect,  
But he that should be formost to set ope  
The gate of mercie, and let friendship in,  
Vpon whose head redounds the whole reproach  
Of all these iniuries, swolne bigge with ire

90

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Stands as an Out-law still vpon defiance.

*Mer.* I must dissemble theres no remedie.

*K.* Looke *Aniou* here, and let his summers brow,  
Thawe the hard winter of thy frozen heart.

*Mer* Dread soueraigne, *Aniou* likewise doth submit,  
And with repentant thoughts for what is past,  
Rests humbly at your Maiesties dispose.

100

*K.* Then take the Duke of *Bullen* by the hand,  
And treading former hatred vnder foote,  
Wherewith your houses haue bene still oppressd,  
Like subiects of your King be reconcil'd.

*Mer* There is my hand *Lodwick*, the hand of him,  
That thought to haue embrewd it in thy blood,  
But now is made the instrument of peace.

*Lod.* And there is mine, with which I once did vow,  
To sacrifice thy body to pale death,  
But now I do embrace thee as a friend.

110

*They embrace*

*Mer.* The like doo I, but to an other end,  
For *Lewis* no sooner shall depart from hence,  
But straight new deeds of mischief Ile commence.

*Ki.* This ioyes my soule, and more to let you know  
How pleasing this retrait of peace doth seeme,  
Till my returne from *Palestine* againe,  
Be you ioynt gouernours of this my Realme,  
I do ordaine you both my substitutes:  
And herewithall bequeathe into your hands,  
The keeping of the Crowne: my selfe adorn'd  
With these abiliments of humble life,  
Will forward to performe my promist vow.

120

*Lod* The God of heauen be still your highnesse guide.

*Mer.* And helpe to thrust thy partnership aside.

*Ki.* *Lodwick*, the loue that thou doest beare to vs,  
And *Mercury*, the allegiance thou doest owe,  
Now in my absence both of you will showe.  
So leauing and relying on your trust,

I bid

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

I bid farewell, remember to be iust.

*Exit.*

130

*Mer.* Brother of *Bullen*: so Ile call you now.  
For why, this birth of new authoritie  
Will haue it so, let me intreat your grace  
That youle excuse my suddenn haste from hence.  
I haue some vrgent cause of great affaires,  
That call me to the countrey for a while,  
But long it shall not be ere I returne

*Lod.* At your good pleasure be it brother of *Aniou*,  
Yet let me tell you that the iealous world  
By this our seperation will misiudge.

140

*Mer.* Not for so short a space, on friday next  
I meane God willing to reuifit you

*Lod.* Adiew my Lord: the straunge euent that time  
In his continuance often brings to passe:  
Not two houres since I would haue sworne he lied,  
That would haue told me, *Aniou* and my felfe,  
Should euer haue bene heard to enterchaunge  
Such friendly conference: but my word is past,  
And I will keepe my couenant with the King

150

*Enter two Gentlemen, Petitioners.*

1. God saue your honour.

2. Health to the Duke of *Bullen*.

*Lod.* Gentlemen y'are welcome, come you with newes?  
Or haue you some Petition to the King?

1. A sute my Lord, which should haue bene preferd  
Vnto the King himfelfe, but being gone  
Vpon his Pilgrimage before we came,  
The power now to do vs right remaines  
Within your hands: whom as we vnderstand,  
His grace hath made Vice-gerent of the Land.

160

*Lod.* What is your suite?

2. This paper will vnfold,  
If please you take perusall of the same.

## *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

O I remember now, it is to haue  
A Pattent seald, for certaine exhibition  
Giuen by his highnesse for your seruice done  
Against the late inuasion of the English.

1 True my good Lord.

*Lod.* Well I will doo you any good I can :  
But Gentlemen, I must be plaine with you,  
I am but the halfe part of that authoritie  
Which late you spake of: for with me is ioynd  
The Duke of *Anjou*, equally posselt.  
And he euen now departed from the Court,  
But when he doth returne, you shall be sure  
To be dispatcht.

170

2. When he returnes my Lord?  
That will not be I feare, till angry warre  
Hath brought destruction on some part of *Fraunce*.

180

*Lod.* How say you that? till angry warre hath brought  
Destruction on some part of *Fraunce*, why so?

2. Because my Lord, in secreet he hath leuied  
A mightie power, which since, as we are told,  
Lying not farre from *Parriz*, had in charge  
As on this day to meete the Duke at *Mullins*

*Lod.* A towne neare neighbouring on my territories :  
It is euen so, this proud dissembling Duke  
Made our reconcilment but a colour  
To cloake his treason till the King were gone,  
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,  
As when the turffe the Adder lurked in  
Is shorne away, begins to shewe it selfe.  
It is at me he aimes, the bloud he dranke  
In *Burgundie* will not allay his thirst,  
*Orleance* must administer a fresh supply :  
But least my wife and daughter whom I left  
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,  
(Which now is all the comfort I haue left)  
Come Gentlemen, I will dispatch your sute,

190

200

And

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And afterward ride post vnto my house.

i. We will attend vpon your excellence

*Exeunt*

*Enter Barnabie Bunch a Botcher, with a paire of sheares, a sc. ii handbasket with a crosse bottome of thred, three or foure paire of old stockings, peeces of fustian and cloath, &c*

*Bunch.* Buoniour in French, is good morrow in English: true, and therewithall good morrow faire, what? maides? no, good morrow faire morning: and yet as faire as it looks I feare we shall haue raine, these French fleas bite so filthily 210 We trauellers are abiect, thats to say, order'd to many miseries and troubles: I *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher now, whilome (that is sometime) of a better trade: for I was an Ale-draper, as Thames and Tower-wharffe can witnesse: well, God be with them both: my honourable humour to learne language and see fashions, has lost me many a stout draught of strong Ale, what at *London*, what at *Grauesend*, where I was borne. This *Fraunce* I confesse is a goodly Countrey, but it breeds no Ale hearbes, good water thats drinke for a horse, and de vine blanket, and de vine Couer- 220 let, dat is vine Claret for great out-rich cobs Well fare *England*, where the poore may haue a pot of Ale for a penney, fresh Ale, firme Ale, nappie Ale, nippitate Ale, irregular, secular Ale, couragious, contagious Ale, alcumisticall Ale. Well vp with my ware, and downe to my worke, and on to my song, for a merrie heart liues long.

*He hangs three or foure paire of hose vpon a sticke, and falls to sowing one hose heele and sings.*

*King Richards gone to Walsingham,*

He speakes

230

*Kate is my goose roasted?*

He sings.

*To the holy Land.*

He speakes.

*I meane my pressing Iron wench.*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

He sings.

*To kill Turke and Saracen that the truth do withstand.*

He speakes

*Prithce make it hot, I must vse it.*

He sings.

240

*Chryst his crosse be his good speed, Chryst his foes to quell,*

He speakes.

*Let it not be red hotte Kate.*

He sings

*Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well*

O for one pot of mother *Bunches* Ale, my owne mothers Ale, to wash my throat this mistie morning: it would cleare my sight, comfort my heart, and stuffe my veines, that I should not smell the fauour of these stockings: well fare cleanly English men yet: these French mens feete haue a 250  
pockie strong sent

*Enter two or three Citizens, one after an other, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide*

Who be these that run so fearefully? ha? Citizens by the masse, Citizens, that looke as they were skard.

*He sings*

*Iohn Dorrie bought him an ambling Nag to Paris for to ride a,  
And happy are they can seeke & find, for they are gone to hide a*

1. How blessed is this Botcher that can sing?  
When all the Citie is set on sorrowing.

260

*He seekes vp and downe for a place  
to hide his Plate*

Where shall I hide this litle that I haue,  
Whilst speedie flight attempt my life to saue?

2. O vnexpected fudden miserie,  
More bitter made by our securitie:

We vnprouided, and our foes at hand,  
The head depres'd how can the body stand?

*Seeke.*

Where shall I throwd vnseene this litle pelfe,  
Whilest I by flight affay to saue my selfe.

270

3 Whom

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

3. Whom haue we here? my gold will me betray.  
Thee must I leaue, with life to steale away.

*He seeks.*

Thou art my life, then if I liue tis wonder,  
When limmes and life are forc'd to part in funder.

1. Who's there?

2. A friend: who thou?

1. No enimie, whats he?

3. A Citizen your neighbour, what fellow's that?

1. A Botcher, a poore English mechanick.

280

2. What shall we do in this calamitie?

1. Hide what we haue, and flie from th'enemie

3. O how neare is hee?

2. Heele be here to night.

3. No meane to saue our liues but present flight.

*Bunch.* What are these thick skind heauie purs'd gorbellied churles mad? what do they feare? to be robd I thinke: O that they would hide their money where I might find it, that should be the first language I would learne to speake: though I haue no money, I am as merrie as they, and well fare nothing once a yeere; *For early vp and neuer the neere.*

*Enter Lodwick.*

*Lod.* O whither flie ye filly heartlesse shadowes?  
What sudden feare so daunts your courages?  
Are ye surpriz'd with dread of enemies?  
Then arme your selues to guard your selues and yours:  
Let not base rumours driue ye from your denne,  
As Hares from formes, stay, fight, and die like men.

1. Noble Duke *Lodwick*, what auails our stay,  
When all our power cannot defend one part?

300

*Lod.* We shall haue helpe.

2. From whom?

*Lod.* From Count *Lauall*.

1. No he and *Trosthey* are with *Mercurie*.

*Lod.* Yet *Monsieur Rossibroune* may come in time.

3. All is but hazard, we are sure of none.



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Therefore God buy you my Lord, for Ile saue one.

*Exit.*

2 And I an other.

1. And I if I can.

310

*Exeunt Ambo.*

*Lod.* Are ye all gone? stayes there not one man?

Good fellow what art thou?

*Bunch.* A corrector of extrauagant hose feete.

*Lod.* Wilt thou abide?

And fight against th'approaching enemy?

*Bunch.* Enuie? what enuie?

*Lod.* The periurd Duke of *Aniou*, *Mercurie*,  
That comes to sack this vnprouided Towne

*Bunch.* Is he neare hand?

320

*Lod.* I, nearer then I wish.

*Bunch.* O that I had my pressing Iron out of the fire, and  
my cleane shert from my Laundresse, that I might bid this  
towne farewell, and blesse it with my heeles toward it: fie, fie,  
downe with my stall, vp with my wares, shift for my selfe.

*Lod.* So all will leaue me in extremitie.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Nuntio.* Deare honored Lord, make hast to saue your self,  
The armed troupes of trecherous *Mercury*,  
Approach so fast, and in such multitudes,  
That some of them are seene within a league,  
And not a man of ours in readinesse,  
Except it be to runne, none to resist.

330

*Lod.* Then must I runne as fast as they,  
*Lodwick* till now was neuer runne-away.

*Exeunt Lodwick, and Messenger.*

*Bunch.* If euery body runne, its time for me to goe: O  
that my customers had their ware, and I money for mending  
them, heres sudden warres when we nere thought vp-  
on it Well, if I had had grace, I might haue tarried  
at Tower wharffe, armed with a white apron, a pot  
in

340

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

in my left hand, a chalke in my right : what makes this in the  
pye ? fixe pence said I : fill here hey in the swanne, by and  
• by, anan, anan : there might I haue eate my fill, and drunke  
my fill, and slept my fill, and all without feare, safe as moufe  
in a mill: heere if th'eny come, will be nothing, but kil, kil,  
kill : and I am sure to be in most daunger, because I am an  
Englisch man and a straunger, this is the lucke of them that  
trauell forrain lands: now one paire of running legges, are  
worth two paire of working hands

350

*Exit.*

*Enter Duke Mercury with Souldiers,  
Drumme, and Ensigne.*

*Sc. iii*

*Mer* A plague vpon you, was the Pallace watch'd  
That he and his haue all escaped thus ?

O I could teare my very heart strings out,

I am so stung with this indignitie

Will no man bring me word that he is taken ?

Night wert thou any thing, but what thou art,

A thicke darke shadowe, that art onely seene,

360

I would not liue, till thou wert banished,

But let him goe, and now shall *Aniou* shine

More brighter then the burning lampe of heauen :

Where in the height of the celestiall signes,

In all his pompe he failes along the skies,

Now *France* shall shake with terror of my name,

Onely my word shall be a Parliament,

Enacting statutes as shall bind the world,

Where maiestie shall plead prerogative,

In mightie volumes writing with his hand,

370

The vncontrlld decrees of foueraigntie :

*Lodwick* expulsed, and King *Francis* gone,

Yet once is *Aniou* King of *Fraunce* alone

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messen.* My Lord.

*Mer.* Is *Lodwick* taken ? raunsome him to me,

And

## *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And take my Dukedome what so ere thou bee.

*Messen.* I am a Messenger of other newes

*Mer.* O but salute mine eares with that sweete sound,  
And in that musick be all accents drownd 380

*Mes* My Lord : to Armes, to Armes ; my Lord of *Anjou*,  
The power of *Spaine* hath past the Pyren hills,  
And are already entred into *France*,  
Vnder *Hernando*, the great Duke of *Medena* :

The Frontiers lie all blazed with rude warre :

The fields are couerd with vnciuill armes

Of sunburnt Moores, and tawnie Affricans

Which they haue brought : they skorn to beare their spoiles

Their neighing Gennets, armed to the field

Do yorke and fling, and beate the fullen ground, 390

And vncontrolld, come loose abroad in *France*.

*Nauarre* is sack'd, and like a mightie flood

The haughtie Spaniard ouerturneth all

Gather your power, make head against the foe :

The diuell driues, tis full time to goe.

*Mer* The diuell burst those balling chops of thine.

*Spaine* and the plague, and hell and all together,

If the full tunne of vengeance be abroach,

Fill out and swill vntill you burst againe.

Come dogge, come diuell, he that scapes best 400

Let him take all, and split, and rore, and choke

Hooke, swords and caps, if hell will ha't thus doe

Let him liues longst, wipe the reckoning out,

Sound drumme away, before our glory die,

Some shall be lowe, that now do looke full hie.

*Enter* Yacob van Smelt, Lodwick, Oriana,  
Dyana, and Bunch.

*Sc. xv*

*Yacob* Well my lifekins, so ick must be you Wert, dat is  
you host ; and you mine gheffe, to eat met mie, and slope met  
mie, in my huys : well, here bene vanyou, vier, (foure as you 410  
feg

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

feg in English) twea manninkins, twea tannikins, twea mans, twea womans: spreak, wat will you geuen by de dagh? by de weeke? by de mont? by de yeare? all to mall

*Bunch.* Sauing your tale mine host, what is your name?

*Yacob.* *Yacob van Smelt.*

*Bunch.* *Smelt?* Lord, many of your name are taken in the Thames, youle not be angry?

*Yacob.* Angry? niet niet.

*Bunch.* How? nit? nay then I perceiue I shall bee angry first: zounds twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a Tayler; in plaine English a Botcher: and though my countrey men do call me pricklouse, yet you Flemish Boore shal not call me nit; ye base Butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks dwell in the Thames, and are sold like slaues in Cheap-side by the hundreth, two pence a quarterne.

*Yacob.* Gods pestilence, beeest thou frantick?

*Lod.* Patience my friends, fellow he spake no ill, My gentle host was casting his account, To what our weekly charges must amount

*Yacob.* Yaw, yaw, true, true.

*Bunch.* True, true? lie, lie: did not you say first you would mall vs all? and then calld me nit, nit? tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer vs the boots: what though we be driuen from our owne dwelling, theres moe sitling houses then yours to host in

*Lod.* Well mine host *Yacob*, though our state be poore, Yet will we pay you iustly our compound: For me, my wife, and daughter, by the weeke, For dyet, lodging, and for laundry, So long as we shall host within your house, Fiue Gilders weekly I will answere you.

*Yacob.* Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone daughter, well, whea fall be tall for dis gack? dis shellam?

*Bunch.* I, ye shall find me a tall fellow if ye trie me But what is it ye talke of me?

*Lod.* He doth demaund who shall defray thy charge?

## *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

For meat, and drinke, and lodging in his house.

*Bunch* Neither you nor he, let him take care for a large winding sheete to wrappe his fatte guts in: haue not I a trade? Yes good man Smelt, if ye haue any hose to heele, 450 breeches to mend, or buttons to set on, let mee haue your worke

*Yacob* Goots moorkne beest thou a Snyder? snip, snap, met te sheares.

*Bunch.* Speak reuerently of Taylers, or Ile haue ye by the eares.

*Yacob.* Yaw, yaw, tis good honest mans occupacion, good true mans liuing.

*Bunch* I fir, Ile liue by it, and neither charge this mans purse, nor run vpon your score, Ile get me a litle hole to put 460

*Yacob.* A knaues head in.

*Bunch* My head in, and fall to worke here, and in stead of parle buon francoys, learne to brall out butterbox, yaw, yaw, and yaune for beare like a Iacke daw.

*Yacob.* Heare me eance Ick heb a cleyue skuttell, a litle stall by mine huys dore, fall dat hebben for a skoppe.

*Bunch.* Hebben, hebben quoth a? what shall I hebben?

*Lod* A place to worke in *Yacob* offers thee,  
Harke hither *Bunch*

*He takes him aside and whispers*

470

*Yacob* I Frow, hey, comt here:

*He takes Oriana by the hand*

You bene a skone Frow, a foot a lieffe: vp miner zeele, dat is, by my soule Ick loue you met my heart And you will loue mee, smouch mee, and bee my secreet vriend, de charle fall niet knowe, Ick will you gelt geuen, and you man fall niet betall, niet paid for your logies noe you meat: wat seg you?

*Oriana.* I say mine Host, that you are ill aduif'd,  
To tempt the honour of a straungers wife:  
Confider if your fortune were as ours,  
In forraine place to rest ye for a time,

480

Would

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Would you your wife should be allur'd to sinne?

To breake her vow and to dishonour you?

*Yacob.* Swig, fwig, peace, Ick fall an aunder time talke  
met you

*Yacob whispers with Oriana*

*Lod* No *Bunch*, by no meanes tell from whence we came,  
Nor what enforced vs seeke a refuge here:

And though my want at instant be extreame,

490

Yet when the heauens shall better my estate,

Thy secrecie will I remunerate.

*Bunch.* Why what do ye think of me? a horfleeche to suck  
ye? or a trencherflie to blowe ye? or a vermine to spoile ye?  
or a moath to eate through ye? no, I am *Barnabie Bunch*, the  
Botcher, that nere spent any mans goods but my owne, Ile  
labour for my meate, worke hard, fare hard, lie hard, for a li-  
uing, Ile not charge ye a penney, Ile keep your counsell. And  
ye shall commaund me to serue you, your wife, and your  
daughter in the way of honestie, like honest *Barnabie*

500

*Lod* Gramercies honest friend.

*Oriana* No *Iacob* no,

Need cannot force, nor flatterie intreat

*Yacob.* Swig dan, nea meare, come fall vs in to eat?

*Exeunt Yacob, Bunch, Oriana.*

*Lod.* Euen when you please mine host: come daughter

Come, be of good comfort, heauen is where it was:

When fortunes storme a while our state hath tost,

A calmer gale may giue what we haue lost.

*Dyana* Assure ye fir, euen as I am your child,

510

Not discontent, but patience makes me mild,

If inward griefe externall ioy supplant,

It moanes not mine, but your vnwonted want.

*Lod.* Thou seest how easily I endure the smart,

Because thy mother and thy selfe beare part:

Come let vs in, on him that knowes vs best

Lets fix our hope, and so in patience rest.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

# *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Enter Hernando de Medyna, and Don Vgo de Cordoua, with their souldiers* Sc v

*Her.* It seemes that the Nobilitie of *Fraunce* 521  
Are all a sleepe, that vnrefisted, thus  
We diue into the entrailes of their Land :  
Is there no haughtie chiuallier, no spirit  
Heroick, dare so much as once demaund  
Wherefore we come ? or offer vs the fight ?  
Why then proceed we as we haue begunne  
To take possession, not to conquer here :  
What Citie call you this ?

*Vgo.* *Shamount* my Lord.

*Her.* Mount ? whither does it mount ? Ile make it lie 530  
As leuell as her other fellowes do,  
And though her loftie turrets touch the clouds,  
Yet will I teach her like an humble handmaid,  
To make a lowly curtsie to the ground :  
*Shamount* shall stoope, *Medyna* saies the word.  
But who are these ? Don *Vgo* question them.

*Vgo.* Of whence are you ? speak quickly, leaft my sword  
Preuent your tongues by searching of your hearts

1. Great Prince of *Spaine*, we are th'inhabitants 540  
Of this distressed Citie of *Shamount*

*Her.* Yet more of Mount ? shall I be haunted still  
With eccho of *Shamount* ? how dare you flaues  
Haue any such proud title in your mouthes ?  
Shall stoupe I say, be that your Cities name,  
For I will make it stoupe before I passe.

2. Thou dread Commaunder of the Spanish Force,  
If not for our humilitie and praiers,  
Yet for these presents which we bring to thee,  
(A Cuppe of gold, and in the same containd,  
Fiue thousand Markes) respect our naked walles, 550  
Draw not thy sword against our yeelding soules,

But

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

But passing by in peace, let this alone,  
(This harmeles Citie mongst all other ruines)  
Stand as a Trophey of thy clemencie.

*Her* Would you corrupt our valour with your coyne?  
Or do you thinke the Spaniard is so poore,  
A litle Gold can make him sell his honour?  
No, were your streets through ston'd with Dyamonds,  
And you should digge them vp to bring them hither: 560  
Or were your houses in the stead of Slate,  
Couerd with Siluer, and your selues prepard  
To teare it off and giue it vs,  
Nay were your walles of purest Chrysolyte,  
And puld beside their bounds for our owne vse,  
Yet would we scorne all this and ten times more,  
For we count honour sweetnesse of dominion,  
'Tis Lordship that we come for, and to rule,  
More worth then millions, stoope and kis our feete,  
Bring forth your daughters and your fairest wiues 570  
To be our Concubines, waight you your selues  
Vpon our trenchers, and like stable groomes,  
Rubbe our horse heeles, and then perhaps wee le yeeld  
That you shall liue, or so, but otherwise,  
Looke for no pittie at *Medynaes* hand:  
And for an instance, thus and thus I seale *He kills them.*  
The couenant of my great comptrolling sprite,  
And now amaine giue onfet to the towne.

*Enter Mercurie and his men.*

*Mer.* First insolent *Medyna*, here is one 580  
Will trie how thou canst but end a man,  
Before thou lay thy force vnto a wall.

*Her.* Now by mine honour welcome to the field,  
Liues there a French man then dare trie with vs?  
I thought you had bene Pigmeys all till now,  
And durst not looke a Spaniard in the face,



*The weakest goeeth to the wall.*

But now I see you are of taller shapes,  
How euer hearted that is yet vnknowne

*Mer* So hearted Spaniard, as we are resolu'd  
To plague thee for thy damned crueltie.

590

*Her.* Talke then no longer, shew your Chiualrie.

*Alarum, they fight, Mercurie is wounded,  
and put to flight.*

*Her.* Was this the worthy champion so resolu'd,  
To plague vs as he said? was this the man

*Fraunce* had pickt out, to take her quarell vp?  
Now sure a trustie wight, when hands serue not,  
He knowes the way to take him to his heeles:

Yet is it good that we did meete with him  
Be it but for this, to keepe our hands in vre,  
And breath our pursie bodies, which I feare,  
Would haue growne stiffe for want of exercise  
But now no more, enter the Citie gates,  
And therein boldly euery one deuise,  
How he can Lord it in the French mens eyes.

600

*Exit*

*Enter Emanuell, with Leontius.*

*Sc. vi*

*Ema.* Could I resolute my selfe sufficiently,  
He should not stay one houre in my Court,  
But I haue noted in her from her birth,  
A straunge ennated kind of curtesie,  
An affable, inclining lenitie,  
With such a virgine meeknesse to regard,  
As may abuse, a wife and grounded censure,  
In iudging of affection, and of honour.

610

*Leon.* Pardon me gracious Lord, I speake it not  
In any sort to wrong your Princely daughter,  
Or to impeach your iudgement any wise  
In your opinion of the Gentleman,  
But as a iust and honest subiect should,

620

In

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

In matters that concerne my trust so much

*Ema.* Nor as I am a Prince I thinke thou doest,  
Phaue so good assurance of thy loue,  
Which may I trust, induce thee to resolute me,  
From what conceit proceeds thy strong surmise.

*Leon.* This other day, for hunting of the stagge,  
Attending faire *Odilia* to the Forrest,  
When as the hounds had rowl'd the trembling deare,  
And euery man spurd hardvnto the crie,  
Riding along, a goodly Couert side:

630

The company all stragling here and there,  
Onely the Princeesse, and young *Ferdynand*,  
Curbing their steeds in with their silken raynes,  
Into a Groaue road secretly together,  
Thrice did I see him kisse her snowy hand,  
And with three humble Curties bowd his head,  
Downe to the stirrope of *Odilia*,  
Then did I see him whisper in her eare,  
When with her Fanne she wonne the wanton wind  
To coole his face as they road gently on.

640

Then came they to a litle perling Brooke,  
Whereas they paus'd, as it should seeme to heare  
The birds sweete musicke, to the bubling streame.  
Then did I see him lift his eyes towards hers,  
Taking her gloue which lay vpon her lappe,  
A thousand times did reuerence to the same,  
And in his Bauldrick wrapt it choisly vp,  
When as she pluckt a bloomed Lymon braunch,  
With her white hand out of her Coronet,  
And with her fingers twind it in his lock  
And smild: and bowd her head into his bosome.  
And thus with gentle parlance both together  
They paced on, vnto the flowry lawne.

650

*Ema.* If this be not surmiz'd which thou report'st,  
It should be signe of some affection.

*Leon.* Ile not enforce it on your excellence

By

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

By circumstance: but onely this I saw.

*Em.* Wheres *Ferdynando* ? saw you him of late ?

*Leon* Lord *Stroff*y, and your daughter be at chefts,  
And they saw him, but euen very now.

660

*Em.* Goe call them hither presently to me

*Leon* I trust you will not vrge me in the matter.

*Em.* Go too, I will not.

*Exit Leontius.*

How now ? a villaine that I found by chance,  
To court my onely daughter and my heire :  
And hauing thus reuiu'd him by my fauours,  
Will the vile viper sting me for my loue ?

*Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeles.*

*Em* Sirrha come hither, didst thou neuer heare  
How first I found thee, being but a child :  
Hid in the segges fast by a Riuer side,  
As it should seeme of purpose to be lost  
Being so yoong, that thou hadst not the sence  
To tell thy name, or of what place thou wast ?

670

*Fre.* I haue heard your Lordship often so report it.

*Em.* Did thy adúltrous parents cast thee off  
As it should seeme, ashamed of thy birth ?  
And haue I made a nurserie of my Court  
To foster thee, and growne to what thou art,  
Enrich thee with my fauours euery where ?  
That from the loathsome mud from whence thou camest,  
Thou art so bold out of thy buzzards nest,  
To gaze vpon the funne of her perfections ?  
Is there no bewtie that can please your eye,  
But the diuine and splendant excellence  
Of my beloued deare *Odillia* ?

680

How darést thou but with trembling and with feare  
Looke vp toward the heauen of her hie grace ?  
And euen astonisht with the admiration,  
Let fall the gaudye plumens of thy proud heart ?  
Dare any wretch so vile and so obfcure,

690

Attempt

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Attempt the honour of so great a Princeſſe ?

*Fre.* Heare me my Lord.

*Odilia.* Nay heare me Princely father,  
For what you ſpeake to him concernes me moſt.  
Neuer did he attempt to wrong mine honour,  
Nor did his tongue ere vtter yet one accent,  
But what a virgins eare might ſafely heare.  
I neuer ſaw him exerciſe himſelfe

700

In any place where I my ſelfe was preſent,  
But with ſuch a gracefull modeſt baſhfulneſſe,  
As well beſeemed both his youth and dutie.

I neuer ſaw him yet preſume my preſence  
But with a lowe ſubiected reuerence,

A browe as humble as humilitie :

And when I haue enforced him to ſpeake,

In any thing I had employd him in,

His words haue bene in ſuch an humble key,

As ſilence would haue told a ſecret in.

710

But if his ſeruice to me be ſuſpected,

Attending me to helpe me to my horſe,

Or bent my bowe when I haue ſhot a Deare,

Diſcourſe of Nations, playd at Mawe and Cheſſe :

Or led me by the arme when I had walk'd.

If this may breed ſuſpition of my loue,

I cannot keepe the tongue of Iealouſie.

*Frede.* When did I euer but approach the place

Where ſhe hath bene, but kneeling to the earth

As if the ground were holy where ſhe trod ?

720

When was I ſeene to gaze once in her glaſſe,

For feare the Chriſtall wherein ſhe beheld her,

Should tell my diſobedience to her eyes ?

When was I ſeene to ſmell but to a flower

To which the Princeſſe had but ſmelt before

As farre vnworthy that my ſence ſhould taſte

So rich an odour as had pleaſed hers ?

When was I ſeene to looke once in her face,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

But as a man beholding of the funne,  
That cast his head downe dazled with his rayes. 730  
I neuer nam'd that name, *Odillia* :  
But with such worship, and such reuerence,  
As to an Angell if he should appeare.  
Her haue I lou'd for feare, and feard for loue,  
For I adore diuine *Odillia*.

*Em Frederick*, thy humble and submissiue carriage,  
Hath satisfied me fully at this time  
And my *Odillia*, tak't not in ill part,  
That too much loue breakes out into suspition, 740  
It is the fault of loue *Odillia*,  
And hath his pardon as it doth offend :  
Then come *Leontius*, you and Ile away,  
Go backe *Odillia*, and attend your play.

*Exit.*

*Fre* Madam you see, that iealousie attends  
Vpon the houres of our succesfull loue,  
What is your princely pleasure with my seruice ?  
I feare suspition but too much espies,  
I see that trees had eares, and bushes eyes.

*Odil.* Deare *Ferdynand*, provide then for our flight, 750  
I regard nothing in respect of thee,  
Onely be constant, and Ile goe with thee,  
In all the wayes that fortune can direct  
Goe get you hence, I will attend my sport,  
Much is to do, and time is very short.

*Enter Yacob, and Lodwick, Yacob hath a* 8c. vii  
*long boord chalked.*

*Ya.* Come, floux, betall, gelt *Lodwick*, gelt, ware bene de  
*Fraunce* Crowne ? de Riex daler ? de Anglis skelling ? ha ?  
pay pay, betall betall, keck dore *Lodwick*, see de creete de 760  
chalke : eane, twea, dree, vier guildern for brant weene :  
fifick guildern for roft for de eat : zeuen guildern for speck,  
case, bouter and bankeate : keck, looke in dye burse  
betall,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

betall shellam betall, Ick mought gelt heb come,  
pay.

*Lod.* My gentle host haue patience but a while,  
I will endeuour to come out of debt,  
As speedily as God shall giue me meanes,  
Forbearing neither lessons nor acquites  
One groat of dutie, onely your good minde  
Shall be approu'd for respiting a time

770

*Yacob.* Respit? rest diuell, godts cruse, my gelt Ick can  
niet forbeare, niet suffer, niet spare mine gelt, a dowfand  
diuells, Ick mought de Brewer, de Baker, de Butcher  
betall, so heb ye niet gelt, giue me a pawne, eane gage:  
oh haere dat his Frow mought met my blieuen for de  
debt.

*Lod.* *Yacob*, alas thou seeest what wealth I haue,  
Apparell, Iewels, Plate, and Gold I lacke,  
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremitie,  
For all my riches are within thy house.  
My vertuous wife and daughter are my treasure,  
Which aboue all worlds wealth beside I measure.

780

*Yacob.* Godts Sacrament harma charle begger, a wench,  
loupe dye selue, ye fall niet slape eane nought mare in  
mine huys, geue me dy Frow and dye Meskyn, wyeffe and  
doughter to pledge for my gelt, for Ick weat well, dow wilt  
redeeme and raunsome dem twea: loupe doo shellam and  
nempt de gelt and coine, here and buy out dy wife and  
kinde, dy skone daughter.

790

*Lod.* Alas what comfort is there left for me  
If those deare Iewels be empaund to thee?  
My wife and daughter? *Yacob* chaunge thy mind,  
Diuide vs not, ô be not so vnkind

*Yacob.* Godts hannykin, vnkind? But Boore geue  
mee gelt or pawne, or Ick fall dee in de vanga port star-  
uen.

*Lod.* No remedie? well, call my wife and daughter,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

If they consent to be engag'd to thee,  
Ile leaue them, else, thou shalt imprison me 800

*Yacob.* Ha, godks toftie mought Icke de skone Frow  
his wieff here hold, Ick begare niet cost niet ziluer niet  
gold

*Enter Oriana, Dyana, and Bunch*

Dore she comen, dore, dore, all so clare, wyet and zoole, as  
de zunne, wellicome zoota lieff, hey couragee mine wan,  
alls ge done.

*Lodwick looks sadly, Yacob merrily.*

*Oriana* What Planets opposition haue we heare,  
That makes a storme in sunshine, heate in frost? 810  
The heauens are clouded, drossie earth is cleare,  
My husband frownes, but frolicke is mine host,  
O fire and Ice, O feare and doubt together,  
What enuious starre directs my comming hither?

*Lod.* No heauier starre nor more maleuolent  
Needs *Lodwick*, then this Flemish excrement  
Deare *Oriana*, thou dost know our state  
Cast downe, spurnd, skornd by fortune, and by fate,  
Yet neuer grieffe so nearely galls my hart,  
As when I thinke that thou and I must part. 820

*Or.* Why must we part?

*Lod.* Aske *Iacob*, he can tell.

*Ya.* Well meyster, well yffrow, Ick mought de gelt heb,  
ye man hebt niet to betall, he fall niet langer in my huys  
bliuen, keck see dore de skore Ick will him trust nea mare  
Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb dat must you selua  
bene, and you skone daughter by godth moorky he fall to  
prison to de vanga port els

*Lod.* Well, then I must perswade her patience,  
To be thy pawne, thy prisoner in mine absence. 830

*Bunch.* What? how pawne? how prisoner? for what? for  
the skore? a pox on that chalke, its an easier matter to chalk  
a pound, then to get a penney to pay it: you shall not goe,  
nor she shall not lie to gage for a litle money: let me see  
how

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

how much is it? what be these Guilderns?

*Lodwick whispers with Oriana and Dyana.*

Ya Yaw eleck eane a Guilder

*Bunch.* Fiftie, and foure, and feuen, is fiue and fortie, masse I haue but twentie Stiuers toward it, thats all I haue fau'd since I came here to *Newkerk*. This *Flaunders* is too 840 thriftie a countrey, for here the women will heele their husbands hose themselves: faith if your skore had bene but a score of Stiuers, I meane I would haue paid it, cleard the chalke cleane.

*Yacob* Swegen and drinkin *Bunch*, de skone Frow and fe daughter fall be mien pawne, mien gage, me de Frow, dow de Meskyn

*Bunch* Ha, fay you so? no Butterbox, Ile set a spoake in your cart: heare ye? this foule fat Smelt, tells me, that hee has smelt out a smocke commoditie for a pawne, that is to 850 haue your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wife, make your bargaine that hee doo not vse your pawne, for though it will not be much the worse for the wearing, yet it is pittie it should be flubbered by such a cullien as *Yacob Smelt*

*Lod.* Prithee be quiet, *Yacob* I will leaue

My dearest, most vnualued Iewels here:

Entreate them well as thou wilt answere me

At my returne, euen with thy dearest blood,

If they miscarrie in thy custodie.

860

Friend *Bunch* farewell, be kind vnto these twaine,

And if I liue Ile recompence thy paine

*Bunch* Faith as kind as Cockburne, Ile breake my heart to do them good. But whither will you goe?

*Lod.* I know not yet, where fortune shall direct,

Leaue vs a while to take a sad farewell:

That done, I part, and they shall stay with you

*Yacob.* Wel, wel, hah mien skone friester, mien lieff, dow fall met mie bliuen, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh loustick

870



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Bunch.* Gep, wihi, see how the slouenly Smelt leapes; I thinke you could be content to be rid of this beere, flye, this bacon fac'd Butterbox a while

*Lod* Indeed I could.

*Bunch* Indeed and you shall, *Yacob* I haue newes for ye, passing profitable pleasureable newes: theres a tunne of English stark beere, new come to *Newkerk* this day, at two Stiuers a stope, come Ile giue thee a stope or two.

*Yacob* Gramercies *Bunch*, braue *Bunch*, mien lieuer brooer, Anglis beere? oh heare tosti godts towfand a weigh gane? 880

*Bunch* Goe, well parting in a morning is past remedie at midnight, God bee with ye fir, I could weepe, but my teares will not pleasure ye, if I see ye no more till I see ye agen, god ha ye in his kitchen As for you two I shall see you left in pledge till I haue drunke to you, and you pledg'd me twentie times: once more adiew

*Exeunt Yacob and Bunch.*

*Lod.* Ah beastly brutall, baser then the dung,  
That hast no touch nor feeling of my want,  
That such a drunken greasie slaue discards:  
Ah *Oriana*, neuer till this houre  
Did I confesse my want or miserie,  
For but of thee, and my poore sweete *Dyana*,  
I neuer made account that ought was mine,  
But poorer now then pouertie it selfe,  
Of all I had you onely were the best,  
Now must I too, forgoe you with the rest.

890

*Orr.* Ah must we part? why whither wilt thou goe?  
Ah my deare Lord, yet whil't we liu'd together,  
With what content haue we endur'd our woe?  
Now like a sea-toft Nauie in a storme,  
Must we be seuer'd vnto diuers shores?  
O that the poorest beggars that do breath  
Should yet haue that which is deni'd to vs,  
But to haue partners in their miserie.

900

*Dya.* Good

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Dya.* Good father since our fortune is to beg,  
Let me become the beggar for you both:  
What shall become of me, if you do leaue me?  
Many will giue me bread if I do aske,  
But there is none that can giue me a father

910

*Lod.* Ah my poore wench, if I should stay with you,  
This gripple miser, this vnciuill wretch,  
Will for this litle that I am indebted,  
Vnchristianly imprison you and me,  
Where we shall surely perish then for want  
But I will crosse the narrow seas for England  
To London: where ere long I make no doubt,  
To get so much, as shall redeeme you hence,  
And shall redeeme this poore estate of ours,  
Till fairer fortune hap to shew her head.

920

*Oria.* Farewell, farewell: now all my ioy doth goe,  
Goe you alone, while we alone with woe.

*Dya.* Farewell deare father.

*Lod.* My sweete gerle adiew,  
He blesse vs all, that keepes both me and you

*Exit Lodwick.*

*Enter Yacob and Bunch to Oriana and Dyana*

*Ya.* Com't here *Bunch*, dow beest eane right shapt charle:  
O de stark Anglis beere; whore zijne, whoare zijne dief-  
frow and de skone daughter? keck dore *Bunch*, nempt de  
meskyn, Ick fall de moore hebben: come *Oriana*, ou beene  
miene gage vor gelt, mijen luer loue, mijen zooterkyn

*Bunch.* Your footerkyn? your drunken skin, mistresse  
how do ye? is your husband gone? why be of good cheare,  
heres a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye, take all in my  
purse, spend all that I get, and command my worke to helpe  
ye out of debt.

*Ori.* Thankes gentle friend, but how shall I requite it?

*Bunch.* Tush, talk not of quittance, Ile liue by a pittance,  
vnlne my purse, and vse my person, and for my limmes take  
the best in the bunch.

*Ya.* Godts

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Ya* Godts sacremente *Bunch*, fweg, fweg, come yffrow dye man is away gane, lat ource be frolicke, lustick, heigh speell zing and daunce *Ick loue mijne Lyuerkin heye, Ick basse mijne zoota lieffe ho : ick mot niet slape, niet drenk zane itopeme-doont mijne Iolickaa froe, hey lustick.*

*Dya* Wilt please ye mother, leaue this barbarous beast, And take you to your chamber?

*Oria.* I my child.

*Be going out*

950

*Bunch.* Ile tell thee Smelt, thou shouldst be a Codhead thou art so rude : I am of the house of the Bunches, a bunch of keyes will gingle, a bunch of lathes will ring, a bunch of rootes are windie meate, and a bunch of garlick will make ye sweate, yet I keepe no stirre.

*Ya.* Shellam ick be gare niet dyffroes bene gan.

*Bunch.* Then let vs followe, wee shall ouertake them anon.

*Enter Lodwick fainting*

*Sc. viii*

*Lod,* Imperious fortune when thou dost begin  
To shew thine anger, how implacable  
And how remorcelesse are thy bitter checks?  
To losse of honour, daunger of my life :  
To the endaungering of my life, thou addest  
A seperation twixt my wife and me.  
To that, base pouertie : to that, contempt :  
And now thou tak'st from me my strength of limmes,  
Infeebling me for lack of sustenance.  
All this thou giu'st me of thine owne accord,  
One thing let me intreat thee to restore,  
Which with my teares I beg, though thou would'st send  
Death, to fill vp the measure of thy spight :  
That it may be sufficient thou hast forc't  
My heart to sigh, my hands to beate my breast,  
My feete to trauell, and my eyes to weepe,  
Inioyne not now my tongue to aske an almes,  
But thou art deafe, and I must either begge

961

970

Or

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Or sterue for foode to comfort me withall,  
And loe in happie time here commeth one.

*Enter Sir Nicholas reading very earnestly  
on a Letter*

980

Where I may make a tryall of my skill,  
A man it seemes belonging to the Church,  
I haue some knowledge in the Latine tongue,  
Perhaps for that heele sooner pittie me.

*Siste gressus quæso reuerende Pater  
Et oculos flecte tuos in miserum,  
Respice spretum respice precor egenum.*

*Sir Ni* Whats this?

*Lod* *Oh miserere paupertatis meæ,  
Respice spretum respice precor egenum*

990

*Sir Ni* It seemes that thou art needie, and wouldst beg  
An almes of me, is that thy meaning, speake?

*Lod.* *Ita domine ita, nam vehementer.*

*Sir Ni* Tut a figges end, vehementer quotha?  
Theres a word indeed to begge withall:

It is inough to bring thee to the stocks.

This is no Vniuersitie, nor Schoole,  
But a poore Village: and I promise thee,  
I neuer could abide this Romish tongue.

1000

Tis harsh, tis harsh, and we, I tell thee true,  
Do eate and drinke in our plaine mother phraze:  
If thou doest want, and wouldst haue part with vs,  
Then do as we do, like an honest man,  
Shew thy true meaning in familiar termes

*Lod.* I am good sir, if please you, much distrest,  
Hauing nor money, friends, nor meate to eate:  
If it may stand with your humanitie  
To giue me some reliefe, Ile pray for you,  
And whilst I liue be thankfull for the same.

1010

*S. Ni* Why so, now I vnderstand thy meaning,  
Is not this better farre then respice

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And precor, and such Inkehorne tearmes,  
As are intollerable in a Common-wealth?  
Coniurers do vse them, and thou know'st  
That they are held flat Fellons by the law.  
Be sure thou mightst haue beg'd till thou were hoarse,  
And talkt vntill thy tougue had had the crampe,  
Before thou wouldst haue bene regarded once.  
It is not good to be phantastically,

1020

Or scrupulous in such a case as this  
But to the purpose, thou art poore thou say'st?

*Lod.* Exceeding poore, poorer then *Irus*,  
He did enioy the quiet of the minde,  
Although his body were expos'd to want:  
But I in body and in minde am vext.

*Sir Nz.* I feare by keeping riotous company  
Or some such misdemeanour?

*Lod.* Then I wish,  
That God may turn your hart from pittying me.

1030

*Sir Nz.* Well, thou sayst well, thou hast an honest face,  
And art beside, a pretie handsome fellowe:  
Me thinkes thou couldst not want a seruice long,  
If thou wouldst be contented to take paines.

*Lod.* Oh sir, the world is grown so ful of doubts,  
Or rather so confounded with selfe-loue,  
As if a poore man beg, they straight cōdemne him,  
And say, he is an idle vagabound:

Or if he aske a seruice, or to worke,  
They straightway are suspicious of his truth:

1040

So that howeuer, they will find excuse,  
That he shall still continue miserable.  
And tis as common as tis true withall,  
The weakest euer goe vnto the wall.

*Sir Nz.* By my faith thou sayst true, the more is the pittie.

*Lod.* But if you will vouchsafe, because my state  
Is very bare, and I am here vnknowne,  
To be a meanes to helpe me to some place,

Where

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Where I may ferue: my paines I do not doubt,  
Shall proue my pouertie no counterfeit  
*Sir Ni.* Faith I must tell thee, I haue litle coine,  
My Benefice doth bring me in no more  
But what will hold bare buckle & thōg together,  
And now and then to play a game at bowles:  
Or drinke a pot of Ale amongst good fellowes.  
And for my Parishioners, they are husbandmen,  
Nor do I know of any lacks a seruant.  
But this, the Sexton of our Church is dead,  
And we do lacke an honest painfull man,  
Can make a graue, and keepe our Clock in frame,  
And now and then to toule a passing bell:  
If thou art willing so to be emploid,  
I can befriend thee.

1050

1060

*Lod.* Oh withall my heart,  
And thinke me treble happie by the office.  
*Sir Ni.* Thy wages is not great, not much aboue  
Two Crownes a quarter, but thy vailes wil helpe,  
As first the making of a graue's a groate,  
Then ringing of the bell at euery buriall,  
Two pence a knell: which likewise is a groate.  
And now and then the maisters of our Parish,  
(As good man Flaile, & Bartholmew Pitchforke)  
Will bid thee home to dine and sup with them.  
Beside, thou hast a house to dwell in rent-free:  
And for the liking that I haue in thee,  
Thou shalt be somewhat better too for mee:  
The grafing of a pigge within the Churchyard,  
Or when I gather vp my Tithes, an egge,  
A good hogges pudding, or a peece of soufe:  
What man tis? good fare in a countrey house,  
Come follow me, Ile see thee plac't forthwith.

1070

1080

*Lod.* I thanke you sir, when all things run awry,  
True labour must not be thought flauery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Enter Frederick and Odillia.*

Sc ix

*Fre* If you be able to endure the way  
Till we haue passed *Brabant*, we will on :  
But Madam, if you hardly brooke your trauell,  
Wee'll take the right hand way into the Forrest,  
Where we will shrowd vs secretly till night

1090

*Odillia* Let vs not stay neare to my fathers Court,  
Not for a world I would not hazard thee,  
No world could saue if taken thou shouldst bee,  
Me thinkes tis long before the funne arise.

*Fre.* A it is long *Odillia* of thine eyes,  
Who slumbring still, imagines it is night,  
And that the shining is his sisters light.

*Odil.* No, tis the Moone, sweete *Ferdynand* I see,  
Keepes backe her brother still to looke on thee

*Fre* I maruell not poore light if she decline,  
When my *Odillia* doth so early shine

1100

*Odil.* Come, come, sweete loue, O I am full of feare,  
Bee I the Moone, thine arme must be my spheare.

*Fre.* O were I heauen, thou euer should'st shine there

*Exeunt*

*Enter Emanuell and Shamont.*

Sc. 2

*Ema.* O miserie, why didst thou baite my fall  
With these descending shadowes of my good ?

*Sha.* My Lord, nere stand vpon these vaine exclames,  
But by pursute, seeke to redresse your wrongs,  
Tis speedy expedition must recouer,  
What light beleefe, and oversight hath lost.

1110

*Ema.* Horses I say, let horses be sent forth,  
No Christian Prince that treads on *Europes* mold,  
I thinke that will so farre engage his honour,  
As entertaine this damned fugitiue.

Horses I say, spurre, spurre, through euery coast,  
Put on the wings of speedy expedition,  
In the pursuite of my *Odillia* :

Deaffen

*The weakeſt goeth to the wall.*

Deaſſen the very aire with your exclaymes,  
And fill each Prouince with the ceaſleſſe brute,  
Ring out this famous wrong in your purſuite.

1120

*Sha.* Come, come, my Lord, inceſſant ſpeed muſt poſt,  
Words cannot get what you haue vainely loſt

*Enter Yacob, Oriana, and Dyana.*

*Sc. xi*

*Ya.* Oh here godt, mijne lifekin, whare will ye from mee  
ganne?

*Ori.* Farewell mine hoſt, we are for England bound,  
Out of your debt, for you are ſatiſfied.

*Ya* Yaw, yaw, ye heb well betalld

1130

*Ori* So leaue I you to ſeeke my husband out,  
Whom your vnciuill vſage forced hence,  
Your imperfections (*Yacob*) are extreame,  
Exceſſe in diet, kindled fire of luſt,  
The ſmoake whereof vnkindly chaſt away  
My louing husband, whom I muſt purſue.  
We owe ye nothing, not ſo much as loue,  
Since for your luſt you haue abuſde vs all,  
We haue not falne, thogh want did wraſtle hard :  
Our fingers ends our honours haue ſuſtaind,  
*Flaunders* farewell, yrkſome without my Lord,  
And *Newkerke* for his ſake be thou abhord.

1140

*Ya.* Hore ye well yffrow? ken ye whare to find you man?

*Ori.* I truſt at London.

*Dya.* Mother, pleaſe you goe?

The ayre's infected where this glutton breathes,  
That makes vs Pilgrimes without deuotion.  
Amend thy maners, or let all reſuſe  
To hoſt with thee, that wouldſt thy gueſſe abuſe.

*Exit Orian, and Dyana. manet Yacob.* 1150

*Ya.* Adiew skone meſkyn, adiew zoot frow,  
Ick will mijne ſelue ſtaruen vp de galligo bobbintow,  
Ick fall be dode ſlone met diſ meager loue.

*Enter Bunch.*

Sweg *Yacob* ſweg, here comt *Bunch* dat boue



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Bun.* Now mine Hofte rob pot, emptie kan, Beere fucker, Gudgen, Smelt I fhould fay, haue the women paide ye?

*Yacob* Yaw, yaw, all to mall

*Bunch.* All to mall, drunken Cannyball, and where be they I pray ye?

*Ya.* A *Bunch*, *Bunch*, deye bene aweigh lop't, Deye will niet langer met mijne blieuen

*Bunch.* Blieuen ye blockhead? no, thou art fuch a drunken Goate, that the diuel will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coate

And whither are they gone Beere Barrell?

*Ya* Ick weat not, for *Englant*, for *Loundres* they fegt.

*Bun.* How? for *England*? for *London*?

O Saint Katherns Docke,

1170

And leaue me behind them?

*Yacob* doeft thou not mocke?

*Ya.* Niet for ware.

*Bunch* For *Ware* drunkard? thou faidft for *London* euen now.

*Ya.* Yaw for *Loundres*, tis ware, tis true.

*Bun* Then gentle Swilboll, Ile bid *Flaunders* adieu.

O pittileffe parcelles of womens flesh, that knew *London* is my Country, and for all my good will would not call me to their Company: Well, *Bunch* will not banne them, nor yet follow them, nor yet tarry heere: but take vp my tooles, my preffing Iron & Sheeres, my Needle & Thimble, and backe againe for *Fraunce*, to learne more wee, and wee daw, and fo farewell *Yacob* with your great maw.

A dieu mine hofst lick-fpigot, at the figne of the flipper, When you meet with the Cat, for my fake whip her (leuen,

*Ya.* Ha *Bunch*, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang Come met me, at parting, ick fall de twea stopes van Bere

*Exeunt.* (geuen.

*Enter Ferd and Odillia.*

. Sc. xii

*Ferd.* Thus farre (sweet Lady) safely are we fcap't,

And

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And hardly shall they ouertake vs now,

1192

Though euery way pursuite do follow vs

Be cheerfull then *Odilia*, Loue is guide

Who sweares that Fortune shall vs not diuide

*Odilia*. Deare *Ferdinand* I neither feare nor doubt,

Perrill is but a Bugbeare for a childe,

My heart is firme, and fortified with loue,

Witnesse this desperate tender of mine honour

Into thy hands, which thou hast yet preferu'd

1200

*Fer*. And will preferue it whilst I draw this breath,

And bring it sacred to our nuptiall bed

*Odil*. Then *Ferdinand* belike ye meane to wed ?

*Fer*. Meane not you so ?

*Odil* Yes, but with whom ?

*Fer*. Madame I trust with mee.

*Odil*. Well maist thou trust, Ile marry none but thee

I know thy bringing vp, though not thy birth,

Thou art deriu'd from *Adam*, form'd of earth :

From that first Parent all descended are,

1210

Then who begat or bare thee that's not my care.

Thou stolst my heart, I stole with thee thus farre,

Loue wrought our ioy, lack shall not make vs iarre.

*Fer*. O happie accents of a heavenly tongue.

*Odil* Lets iourney on, we tarry here too long.

*Enter Bunch*

Alas who is this ?

*Bunch*. Faith one that will do ye no wrong.

*Fer* Peazant thou canst not.

*Bun* No fir ye are deceiu'd, I am no Peazant, I am *Bunch* 1220  
the Botcher: Peazants be plowmen, I am an Artificiall.

*Odil*. Simple and pleasant this poore fellow seemes,

Question him further *Ferdinand*

*Fer*. I will: My friend where are wee ?

*Bunch* Cannot you tell ?

*Ferd* No.

*Bunch*.

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Bunch* Then ye ha no wit, are not we heare I pray you?

*Fer.* We are here indeed, but say what countrey's this?

*Bunch.* Nay ye ask'd me not that before,

Nor I cannot tell ye it now

1230

*Odil.* Whither goe you my friend?

*Bunch* 'Tis true indeed your friend, and *Barnabie Bunch*,  
I am going to *Fraunce*.

*Fer.* And can ye speake French?

*Bunch.* I fir I would be forie else.

*Enter Lodwick like a Sexton.*

*Fer.* *D'ou venez vous?*

*Bunch.* I neuer learnd so farre, I cannot tell ye that, I am  
but a straunger in the country: here comes one perchance  
can tell ye.

1240

*Fer.* I pray you fir what territorie's this?

*Lod.* Part of the base countrey of *Fraunce* it is,  
The Village name is *Ards* in *Picardy*.

*Fer.* What entertainment can the town afford  
To trauellers?

*Lod.* Too meane for fuch as you.

*Fer.* Inhabit you this Village?

*Ld.* I forfoothe

Why gazest thou vpon me so my friend?

*Bunch.* By *Iacobs* staffe and *Iumballs* fiddle,

1250

Because Ile spose ye with a Riddle

Two hees, two shees, by night fled tuch,

And light vpon a hannykin Dutch.

*Yacob* builded a new kerke,

And with his chaulk writ fuch a quirke,

That wife and child were left alone,

The skore is paid, and they are gone.

*Lod.* Let this alone friend till an other time,

My skill is small in Riddles or in Rime,

Be silent *Bunch*, till we be rid of these.

1260

*Close aside to Bunch.*

*Fer.* You seeme a man belonging to the Church,

And

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And we haue Church-worke to be finished :

In plainest termes, we would be married,

Accomplish our desire for recompence

*Lod* I blush not at my calling Gentleman,

The Sextens place of *Ard*s I now professe,

If that faire damfell do consent with you,

Ile call the Viccar to conioyne ye straight

*Odil.* Call him good friend, for my consent is past. 1270

*Bun* Nay but call him quickly, for ye see shees in hast.

*Lod.* Maister, Sir *Nicholas*, heer's a commoditie,  
A marriage that must quickly be dispatch'd

*Enter Sir Nicholas.*

*Nicho.* Gramercy Sexten, this was featly watch'd.  
Welcome fresh Gallants to the Towne of *Ard*s.

A prettie couple, youthfull as the spring, sweete as is May  
morning, doo you desire to be knit together?

*Ferd.* In holy marriage (Sir) would we be ioyn'd.

*Nich.* In holy wedlocke Gentles, so I meane, 1280  
Ye are in the state of grace, Twinnes in affection,  
Turtles in true loue, I know ye haue no Lycense,  
And tis no matter; holie matrimony shall passe my libertie  
Without examining: youl pay mee?

*Ferd* I.

*Nich.* Come, Ile glue ye together by and by,  
To the lawfull bed, to the lawfull bed:  
Fie on this Fornication, this lasciuious lust:  
And yet the flesh prickes my holy selfe now and then:  
Come follow mee, Ile call some more witnesse, 1290  
And clap it vp presently.

*Ex. Ferdinand, Odillia, and Nicholas. Manent  
Lod. and Bunch, who haue whispered.*

*Lod.* But are my wife and daughter gone indeed

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

For *London*? and haue paide the debt we ought?

*Bunch.* By my sheeres, (and thats a shauing oath)  
They are gone for *London*, they haue paide *Yacob*:  
But they shall loose their labour,  
Because you are not in *England*

*Lod.* But I will fend, or I will soone be there, 1300  
I must not liue diuided from my ioy.

*Bunch.* And yet I thinke you liue well  
By this Science of Sextenship:  
Lord, do not you pray that the pippe may catch the people,  
That you may earne many groats for making graues?  
Your Church-wardens finde bell-ropes,  
And you hands to shake them

*Lod.* Th'art a mad fellow, but how knewst thou mee,  
In this disguise?

*Bunch.* Tut well ynough: But harke the Viccar calls. 1310

*Lod.* Come *Bunch*, weell finde more time to talke anon.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Hernando, Don Hugo and Mercury disguisde, Sc. xiii*  
*in priuate conference with Hernando, with*  
*Souldiours.*

*Her.* I like thy words, and though I recke not much  
The death of any priuate man in *France*,  
Because in multitudes consists our glory:  
Yet to make knowne how we do cherish such  
As will in any fort reuolt to vs, 1320  
Kill *Epernourne* as thou hast vndertane,  
And thy reward shall be a Tunne of gold

*Mer.* *Hernando* I will do it, not so much  
For mony, as for zeale I beare to *Spaine*,  
Though I confesse the principall reason  
That vrgeth me being a French man borne,  
So to forget the loue my Country claimes,

*The weakeſt goeth to the wall.*

Is the vnſufferable wrongs I beare,  
The wrongs that *Epernunc* hath done to mee,  
And in that point I hold it no diſgrace  
To malice him, that firſt diſhonour'd mee

1330

*Her.* Why true, thy reaſon is ſubſtantiall  
For ſay a Father do forget to ſhewe  
The loue by nature he doth owe his ſonne,  
In my opinion tis no finne at all,  
If ſuch a ſonne caſt off the awfull dutie  
Which to his Father otherwiſe were due  
In all things iuſt proportion muſt be kept.  
If the king care not for the Common-wealth,  
Why ſhould the Common-wealth reſpect the king?  
But to the purpoſe: how wilt thou contriue  
The manner of his death?

1340

*Mer* Why as I told your grace  
In this daies parley twixt the French and you,  
Whilſt you are buſie, ile inſert my ſelfe  
Amongſt the ſouldiers of that aged Earle,  
And gathering neere his perſon, ſuddenly  
Thus ſend my poyniard to his hatefull breſt.

*Stay his arme.*

*Hugo* What didſt thou meane to wound our Generall? 1350

*Her.* Silence *Don Ugo*, no ſuch matter man,  
He is a villaine, and weelee uſe him ſo.

*Mer* I am indifferent, had I ſpilt his bloud,  
It was my comming: but preuented thus:  
Now *Epernunc* ſhall be the marke I aime at;  
For one I vow, though to haue ſlaine them both  
Had bene exceeding good: how now my Lord?  
Miſconſter not, I meant your grace no hurt,  
Though mine inkindled fury when I thought  
Of *Epernunc*, made me draw forth my ponyard,  
It was to ſhewe how reſolute I am.

1360

*Her.* I know it was, found we parley then,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

That *Epernouve* may know we are in place,  
Where conference was appointed to be had:  
And as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

*Enter Epernouve carried in his Chaire, and  
souldiers marching.*

Now Cripple what your legges refuse to doo,  
I know your hands will presently performe.  
I meane, deliuer me the Crowne of *France*

1370

*Eper.* Raife me a litle, fellowes in my chaire,  
*Hernando*, what saidst thou? deliuer thee  
The Crowne of *France*? why stragling Spaniard  
What makes thee ouerweene thy valour so?  
Thinkest thou because I seeme a witherd tree  
That I am saplesse quite? no Duke, there liues  
Within this riueld flint some sparkes of fire,  
Which if thou touch, will flie into thy face.

Nor do not thou contemne me for mine age,  
This eye is not so dimme, but I perceiue

1380

The markes of arrogance vpon thy browe:  
I, and for frowne, I can returne thee frowne.  
What glory not so much vpon thy strength,  
The day hath bene this body which thou seeest  
Now falling to the earth, but for these proppes  
Hath made as tall a souldier as your selfe  
Totter within his saddle: and this hand  
Now shaking with the palsie, caske the beuer  
Of my proud Foe, vntill he did forget  
What ground he stood vpon: go too, go too,  
The Crowne of *France* deliuerd to thy hand?  
Good King, how is thy dignitie blasphemde?  
But do thy worst, I am his Substitute,  
And though I cannot strike, yet with a becke  
Can I raife vp more fists about thine eares  
Than thou hast haire vpon thy tawny scalpe.

1390

*Her.*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Her.* Am I reuilde and bafled to my face,  
And by a Dotard? one but for his tongue,  
In whom there is no difference twixt himfelfe,  
A meere Anothomie, a Iack of lent,  
And the pale Image of a bloudlefle ghoaft?  
Yet doth he looke as big as *Hercules*,  
And would be thought to haue a voice like thunder.  
Well *Epernounge*, there is a priuiledge  
That babes may fpeake their pleafure without check,  
Elfe quickly fhould my fword breake off this parlie,  
And with a fillip fend thee to thy graue

1400

*Eper.* Calleft a me backe? it neuer fhall be faid,  
But *Epernounge* will fhew himfelfe a man,  
And whil'ft the breath is in his nofthrills, proue  
A reall fubftance, and maintaine the right  
Of *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, euen by the dint of fword:  
Lend me your hands, Ile challenge him the fight.  
Twit me with babe? lend me your hands I fay.

1410

1. *Sol.* Ah good my Lord prefume not, you are weake

*Eper.* Weake knaue? thou lieft.

*Her.* Get him a ftanding ftoole,  
And then perhaps the child will learne to goe.

*Eper.* Yet child againe? alack it will not be,  
My heart is good inough, but tirant age  
Benummes thofe instruments with which my heart  
Should execute the office of a Knight.

1420

*Medyna* thou mayeft thanke the rigorous hands  
Of ftrength-decaying age: thefe legges of mine  
Had they not proued rebels to my minde,  
Ere this I would haue taught thee to vfurpe  
Vpon our confines; but what they omit,  
Here are both armes and legges to fee performd

1. *Sirra* ftand back, know'ft thou what manners is?  
To preffe fo neare the perfon of our Generall?

1430

*Mer.* I am a fouldier, wherefore may I not?



*The weakeſt goeth to the wall.*

1. Snall euery common ſouldier at a time  
When ſerious matters are determind on,  
Betwixt both Armies: impudently thruſt  
Into the ſecrets of his Prince? ſtand backe.

2 Lay hands vpon the villain, ſee within his fiſt,  
A naked poyniard.

*Eper.* How now countrey men,  
What vnexpected mutinie is that?

*Her.* A plague vpon't, Don *Vgo* hees diſcouerd.

1440

1 Some treaſon as it ſeemes my noble Lord,  
This baſe companion ſince you firſt began  
To ſit in parlie: hath at fundry times  
Saucily preſumde to vndermine your talke,  
And being reprehended for the ſame,  
We found this dagger hid within his fleeue

*Eper* Doubtleſſe he meant to murder me,  
Now God be thanked I haue ſcapt his hands

*Her.* Liſt *Epernourne*, he is a man of mine,  
Touch not a haire of him, leaſt for that haire  
I ſend a hundred thouſand of your ſoules  
To dwell in darkneſſe.

1450

*Eper.* How? a man of thine?  
Vnleſſe I be deceiu'd I know that face,  
It is the Traitor *Mercury*, diſguiſde.

*Her.* *Mercury* my foe? had I but known ſo much  
I would haue made him ſure inough ere this,  
But *Epernourne*, marke what I ſay to thee,  
If thou wilt redeliuer to my hands  
That iugling Duke, as I am Gentleman  
And true to *Spaine*, I will depart your land.

1460

*Eper.* Deliuer him? not for the wealth of *Spaine*.  
Nor for the treaſure you do yearely bagge  
From both the Indies: but *Medyna* ſay,  
What reaſon mou'd thee terme the Duke thy man?

And

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And wherefore didst thou mention redeliuerie,  
As though sometime he had bene in thy hand?

*Her* Ile tell thee *Epernoune*, as I am Knight,  
Not fweruing from the truth in any point,  
And keeping faith accordingly reward  
His traiterous purpose, which is all I craue.

1470

This morning he was brought vnto my Tent,  
Where being admitted, openly he shewed  
How he had bene disgrac't and wrongd by thee,  
For which he promifde, if I would consent  
In this dayes parlie, he would murder thee.

I seeing his resolution, was perswaded:  
And promifing, I needs must say, reward,  
Though I do know when he had done the deed,

1480

How I was minded to haue dealt with him,  
He thrust himfelfe amongst thy followers,  
And what the perill is you see your felues,  
But all this while I knew not who he was,  
More then a priuate discontented person,  
For if I had, the wretch had neuer liued  
To be an ey-fore to his countrey men

1. Oh bloody practise, fouldiers ioyne with me,  
And we will teare him peece-meale with our hands.

*All the rest* Agreed: let him not liue a minute longer.

*Eper.* Pacifie your felues, not one of you

1490

On paine of our displeasure, once offer  
To touch a limbe of him: Ingratefull Duke,  
Wherein hath *Epernoune* deseru'd thy hate,  
That thou shouldst basely seek to murder him?  
But wherefore aske I that? when tis well knowne,  
Thou didst as wrongfully pursue the life  
Of noble *Lodwick*, that true Gentleman,  
That very mappe of honourable cariage.  
Amend, amend, be fory for thy fault,  
That though thy body perish by the law,

1500

Thy

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Thy wretched soule may haue a place in heauen

*Mer.* Tell not me *Epernoune* of heauen nor hell,  
I am a Peere, and Regent of this Realme,  
And thus you ought not to entreat a Prince.

*All Soul* Thou Regent of the Realme? speake that againe,  
And we will slit thy weasand with our swords.

*Eper.* Souldiers forbear

*Her.* Nay *Epernoune* shew iustice,  
Vpon that caitiffe, that periured slaue,  
That coward Duke, or here I do protest,  
For euer I will speake in thy dispraise,  
Reporting to the world thou art no Knight,  
Nor worthy of the name of *Epernoune*.

1510

*Eper.* My Lord, I may not take vpon my selfe,  
To be his iudge, he is a Peere of *Fraunce*,  
And must haue open triall by his Peeres,  
But when the King my maister doth returne,  
As shortly we are told he meanes to doo,  
At his discretion be his punishment.  
Meane space *Medyna* I can do no more,  
But see him safely kept in Iron bands.

1520

*Her.* Now that as thou art Knight, and for this day  
I do proclaime a sollemne truce with thee,  
And not a sword of ours shall hurt the French

*Eper* As I am Knight, and leadge-man to the King,  
He shall be kept in fetters till he come.

*Her.* It is inough: now backe vnto our Tents.

*Eper* And we vnto the Citie whence we came,  
And for our safetie, praise *Iehouas* name.

*Exeunt.*

1530

*Enter*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Enter Villiers the Merchant, with Oriana<sup>d</sup>  
and Diana.*

Sc. xiv

*Oriana.* How shall we gentle Sir requite the grace  
Which in so great necessitie we finde  
At your kind hands? but with our daily praiers,  
Implore the heauens for your prosperitie?

*Dia* Which we will neuer cease to do, so long  
As life remains in our distressed bodies.

*Wil.* These words are needlesse, what I do to you,  
The dutie of a Christian bindes me too  
Remember then the promise you haue made,  
That if your husband liue not, whom your selues  
Do verily imagine to be dead,  
That then you are my wife.

1540

*Oria* That promise I wil keepe  
Vnfeignedly, with hartie thanks to heauen,  
That if my husband do not breathe this life,  
My miserie yet sorts me at the last  
A second choise, so louing and so kind.

*Dia.* And I right willingly shall call him Father,  
That in such vertuous sort respects our need,  
Without impeachment of our honest fame,  
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.

1550

*Wil.* When I do otherwise, then as befeemes  
The reputation both of your selues and me,  
Conuert your loue to me, to deadly hate,  
And may all tongues condemne me with reproofe  
Come in then, take possession of your owne,  
My lands, my house, my goods and all is yours,  
Only my sisters portion, which I haue,  
Vpon our troth-plight vow of marriage,  
(If so your husband liue not,) set apart  
And ordred in a readinesse for her.

1560

Come louely mother, and thy vertuous childe,  
When angry stormes are past, the heauens do smile. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferdinand, Odillia, and Lodowicke.*

Sc. xv

*Odil.* Thus *Ferdinad* I see that we must part.

G

*Ferd.*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Ferd.* Our needie state enforceth it sweete heart.

*Odil.* Will you to *Fraunce*?

*Ferd.* To *Fraunce*.

1570

*Odil.* And to the warres?

*Ferd.* To my aduancement, war must be the meane,  
I cannot digge, I haue no handy-craft:  
Our coyne is spent, and yet I cannot craue,  
And thought of want, your want doth wound my soule,  
When I consider what you are

*Odil.* O peace.

What am I but the wife of *Ferdinand*,  
By loue and faith vnto thy fortunes bound?  
O let me follow thee to those French warres

1580

*Ferd.* O prize your honour and my credit more,  
Were it conuenient, we would not diuide:  
But as it is, I must goe, you must bide.

*Odil.* So sayes discretion, but true loue repines,  
That want should seuer those whom he combines,  
But pardon sweete, my speech is spent in vaine,  
You must depart, when will ye come againe?

*Ferd.* Soone, if successe do answere my desire.

*Odil.* Youle write to mee?

*Ferd.* As oft as I can send

1590

*Odil.* Youle leaue me heere?

*Ferd.* With this assured friend,  
Whose kindnesse in abundance we haue found  
*Lod.* Alasse good sir, my meanes are weake ye know,  
In sooth I am no richer then I shew:

Were wishes wealth, your want should be supplide,  
And haue no power your persons to diuide.  
For I protest, in all my life before,  
I nere saw two whom I affected more

But this addes waight to mourners leaden griefe,  
Words may bemoane, but cannot giue reliefe  
For part you must, extremitie to shunne,  
In warres is wealth and honour to be wonne.

1600

*Odil.* And fame, and death, and then am I vndonne

*Lod.* Why death dwells here, you see my daily trade, For

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

For men of peace how many graues are made:  
Your spowse with wealth and worship may returne,  
And bring you ioy, that at his parting mourne.  
Hope so, and hinder not his good intent,  
That for his honour, and your welfare's meant  
O that my cottage where ye must remaine,  
Were (for your sake) the glorioust house in *Spaine*:  
But as it is, your owne it is, and I  
Your poore poore host will tend you carefully.  
But I am tedious in perswasion,  
And you foreflow the present times occasion.

1610

*Odil.* O do not mount him on the wings of hast  
That goes too soone

*Ferd* Dearest, mine houre is past,  
You gaue me leaue to goe, reuoke it not,  
By lingring here theres no good fortune got.

1620

*Odil.* Youle weare my fauour?

*Ferd* Else let heauen hate me

*Odil.* Farewell sweete heart.

*Ferd* Deare Loue God comfort thee  
Father, I leaue my Iewell in your hand. *Ferd. is going.*

*Lod* I will be carefull

*Odil.* Sweete heart, *Ferdinand.*

*Ferd* What sayes *Odillia*?

*Odil.* Nothing but God-buoy ye *Exit Ferdinand.* 1630

*Lod.* Such loth farewell my wife and daughter tooke:  
God blesse them both, and send vs well to meete.  
Take comfort Lady, though this houre be sad,  
His safe returne with wealth, may make you glad

*Enter Sir Nicholas and Bunch: Sir Nicholas  
hath a Paper in his hand.*

*Ni.* Sexton, I haue fought thee in euery feate in the Church,  
doubting thou hadst bin drowfie, and falne a sleep in some piue.

*Bunch.* Ile be sworne from the Chauncell to the Belfrey ye  
haue fought him, and in the Steeple, for feare he had bene crept  
into a Bell, and bene a sleepe: Lord how do you mistresse? fie,  
why do you weepe?

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ni. Faire Lady, let passe mourning for the absent; tis like for-  
rowing for the dead: either Idolatrie or Hypocisie, I cannot tell  
which: I could preach patience to ye, but your owne wit is-as  
much as my learning: your husbands absence you must beare;  
yea and beare him also; in minde I meane: there bee but three  
things that saue vs or condemne vs: that is, thoughts, words, and  
deeds: and you may haue comfort in all, and so be saued in them  
all; your owne good thoughts a good comfort: your friends 1650  
good words, a better comfort: and your husbands good deeds at  
his returne, the best comfort Thus much for instruction Com-  
maund my seruice day and night, to ride and runne to doo ye  
good.

Odil. So M. Viccar, I am glad ye haue done

Ni. For this time and place I haue, because I haue somewhat  
to say to my Sexton: here is a thing in writing (Sexton) that is  
sent to be published through all the French Kings dominions  
Read it, let me heare it, and then thou shalt know my minde.

*Lodwick reads.*

1660

To all Christians, and especially to the Kings Liedge-people,  
Lord *Epernoune* and the rest of the French Nobilitie send gree-  
ting: whereas the thrice noble, and renoumed Prince *Lodowick*  
Duke of *Bullogne*, was by the Kings Maiestie (at his departure to  
goe on his deuoted pilgrimage to the blessed Sepulchre) appoin-  
ted Ioynt-gouernour, Regent, and Protector of the Realme of  
*Fraunce*: together with that pernicious Arch-traytor *Mercurie*,  
Duke of *Anjou* during the Kings absence. And that the said no-  
ble Duke of *Bullogne* was by the trecherous, vniust, and vnlaw-  
full Forces of the said *Mercury*, expulsed out of his Dukedome, 1670  
Lands, Territories, and Reuenewes, and dispossessed of his place,  
if not of his life. For as much as the said notorious malefactor  
*Mercurie*, hath fithence proued himselfe an openemie vnto  
his natie Countrey and King. We haue thought good to pub-  
lish and proclaime, that whosoever can bring true notice of the  
safetie and life of the said Duke *Lodwick*, shall haue twentie  
thousand Crownes. And he that doth present him aliue, shall  
haue fiftie thousand Crownes To the end that the said most ho-  
nourable vertuous Duke may be fully repossessed and restored

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

to all his Lands, Liberties and places of authoritie in this Realme 1680  
of *Fraunce*. Dated the last of May, &c. Subscribed by *Eper-*  
*noune* and other.

*Ni.* By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a Viccar  
as my selfe, thou readest so well: I pre thee soone at Euen-song  
read this to the Parishioners, I cannot be there, for I haue promi-  
sed to bowle a match with good fellows this afternoone at  
*Guynes* for a wager, wet and drie, vz. two gallons of *Gascoyne*  
wine, and two French Crownes, I can stay no longer, I feare they  
stay for mee.

*Bunch* By this light I neuer sawe him make such haste into 1690  
the Pulpit

*Lod.* Heare me one word good maister ere ye goe,  
And graunt me one petition, which is short  
All these French Crownes dare I assure mine owne.  
For I do know where that poore Duke remains,  
And will present him to old *Epernoune*.  
My sute is, that youle take this honest *Bunch*  
To be your Sexton whilest I am away.

*Ni.* I am content, giue *Bunch* the Church-doore key,  
Vpon condition thou wilt say  
Euen-song to the Parish this afternoone,  
And read that publication to them  
Then go thy way to morrow if thou wilt:  
Lord how time passes: In my conscience I burne day-light,  
Tis one a clocke at least. Fare ye well, fare ye well,  
I come yfaith lads, I come, though I come late,  
I hope to lie as neare the Mistresse as any of ye all.

1700

*Exit.*

*Bunch.* Well, I see I shall haue your office, and I trust youle  
bestow your spade and your pick-axe vpon mee, that I may 1710  
grinde them sharpe, to dispatch a graue quickly. And I pray you  
as ye trauell vp into high *Fraunce*, send the plague and the pox,  
and as many diseases as you can, downe into this Countrey to kil  
the people, that I may get money for their graues making.

*Lod.* Heere take the key, and toll to Euening prayer,  
Ile do my maisters bidding ere I goe.



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Bunch. Sancti amen,* God giue mee ioy and luck in mine office. Now boyes beware that ye wipe not your noses on your fleeces, for and ye do, off goes your arme with the Church doore key. And dogs keepe out of the Chauncell, ye shall smell of the whip else. And honest Prentices, if ye please me, Ile not ring the foure a clock Bell till it be past foue: an occupation and an office? now I see I shall thrive

*Exit.*

*Odil* And will you goe and leaue me here alone  
My onely friend, now *Ferdinand is gone*?

*Lod.* Ask of your thoughts if they can counsell keep:  
Which if vpon your honour you assure,  
You shall pertake a secret very straunge

*Odil.* My faith and honour be engag'd for it

1730

*Lod.* Exterior shewes expresse not alwaies truth,  
Nor do imaginations euer faile:  
My Sextons case doth clowde Nobilitie  
And (if opinion do not reason wrong)  
Rich noble blood flowes through your pure cleare veins,  
Which conceit drawes these secrets from my soule.

That fortunes scorne, that sorrow-tossed Duke

*Lodwick of Bulloigne* tells this tale to you

That can conceiue, conceale, and counsell mee

Say Lady, (for I know you are no lesse)

1740

Haue I not cause when Proclamation tells,

That *Lodwick* shall receiue redresse of wrongs?

To claime the due that thervnto belongs?

*Odil.* Great cause my Lord, and I to be content,  
In this poore Coate to rest me patient,  
Vntill my husband come or send for me

*Lod.* O had these tydings come ere he had gone,  
Then he nor I had trauelled alone:

For Lady, I affirme it constantly,

I loue the Gentleman religiously,

1750

Which in my bettered fortunes he shall find,

And then to you I purpose to be kind:

Then what you are, speake freely your faire mind.

*Odil.*

3  
*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Odil.* *Emanuel* Duke of *Brabant* calld me child, 'Till him for loue my *Ferdinand* beguild.

*Lod.* I said and knew ye were no vulgar Dame,  
For sparkes of honour will burst into flame :  
Haplesse *Odillia*, but most fortunate,  
Compar'd with my poore wiues and daughters state.

*Odil.* Where be those Ladies ? let me them attend. 1760

*Lod.* O knew I where, all grieve were at an end :  
I heare, that London is their mansion place.

*Odil.* But shall they not be sent for by your grace ?

*Lod.* Not yet *Odillia*, first Ile visit *France* :  
Where if good starres my state do readuance,  
And graunt me power to free my natiue soyle,  
From those that now her wealth and beautie spoyle :  
I may with comfort then call home my Ioy,  
Till then, their fight will but reuiue annoy

*Odil.* What can you prize so highly as their fight ? 1770

*Lod.* Women discern not mens affaires aright :  
I prize mine honour, and my countreys good,  
More than wife, children, or my proper blood  
*A Bell tolls within.*

Harke the Bell tolls, the Sexton I must play  
By promise once, to morrow Ile away.  
Let me receiue some token at your hand,  
That I may carrie vnto *Ferdinand* :  
And this forget not, for a finall end,  
To come to vs if we for you do send.

1780

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Epernourne brought in, in his chayre*  
So from this place I shall behold the fight  
Betwixt both Armies : now go one of you,  
And with our Leaders presently giue charge,  
The other stay with me : Oh might the fight  
Of *Epernourne*, be like the noone-tide Sun,  
With the reflection of his feeble eye,  
To melt like waxe the courage of our foes,  
And make the French men stiffe as Adamant :

Sc. xvi

1790

Then

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Then could my heart excuse mine idle hands,  
That they beare not a part in this conflict.  
But now defiance from each partie flies.

*Sound Trumpet first.*

*Enter Ferdinand pursuing Don Hugo,  
cutting him soundly*

A valiant Gentleman what ere thou art,  
And by mine honour very nobly fought:  
I haue not seene in all my life before,  
So young, a tender, and effeminate face,  
Father such rough and manly fortitude,  
How like a waightie hammer did his sword  
Fall on the Spaniards shrinking burgonet?  
That had he not betooke him to his heeles,  
This houre had bene his latest houre of life.

1800

*Alarum.*

*Enter Ferdinand againe, pursuing Don Hugo*

What still in chace? he will not giue him ore  
Till he hath slaine, or made him yeeld I see:  
A right begotten cockrell of the game.  
Whence may he come? as I remember me,  
I neuer sawe him in our campe till now.  
I prithee goe raunge, through our battaile rankes,  
And when you ouertake him, gently craue  
He will vouchsafe to come and speake with me.  
My heart's enamour'd on his valourous deeds,  
Spaniard, some more of such a haughtie breed,  
Would make the stoutest of your hearts to bleed.

1810

*Enter Ferdinand*

And here he comes, faire bud of Chivalrie.  
Welcome to *Epernouve*, giue me your hand,  
I thanke you euen with all my very heart,  
For this good seruice you haue done ro day.  
Are you of *Fraunce* I pray you, or what place,  
Is honour'd by your noble parentage?

1820

*Fer.* I am (my Lord) the Duke of *Brabants* subiect,  
A younger brother, whose inheritance

Is

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Is litle more then what his sword shall purchase,  
And for that cause, admonisht of these warres  
Betweene the haughtie Spaniard and this Realme,  
The noble *Burbon* gaue me entertaïne.

1830

*Eper.* Are you his souldier? trust me for his sake,  
I loue you better then I did before,  
And for some confirmation of my loue,  
Take this in earnest of a greater good.

*Fer.* I humbly thanke your Lordship, and will rest  
A faithfull seruitor to *Fraunce* and you.

*Eper.* Nay stay a while, refresh your weary limbes,  
A litle intermission will do well,

1840

Amidst these sweating gorboyles: holy roode  
There runnes a thought into my labouring minde,  
Which from my heart sends gladnesse to mine eyes.

Me thinkes the more I view this Gentleman,  
The more he doth resemble *Bulloignes* Duke,  
The vertuous *Lodwick* both for face and limbe,  
When he and I were fellow-mates in armes,  
Against the Turke, such deeds of hardiment,  
Did *Lodwick* shew as he hath done this day.

Euen such a iesture had he when he talkt,  
As milde and affable in time of peace,  
As he was sterne and boistrous in the warres.

1850

All these apparant in this towardly youth,  
Earle *Lodowicks* want doth wet my cheekes with ruth.

*A shoute within, enter a Souldier.*

What meanes this chearefull shoute?

*Sol* My Lord,  
The battle of the Spaniards is disperst:  
Beside, I bring to you this happie newes,  
The worthy Duke of *Bulloigne* long desirde,  
And much bewailed for his iniurie,  
Liues and returnd about an houre since.

1860

At his first comming, armd in complete steele,  
Chaleng'd the Duke *Medyna* at his Tent,  
And there in single combat like himselfe,

H

And

6  
*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

And like a father of his countreys weale,  
Hath flaine that proude disturber of our peace :  
For which the Souldiers as you heard my Lord,  
Did fill the ayre with their applausiue shoutes :  
Thronging about him in such clustering heapes,  
To see his face and do him reuerence,  
As scarce he hath free passage to this place.

1870

*Eper.* Oh that I had or legges, or wings to flie,  
That I might quickly fatisfie mine eie  
With sight of him whose companie's more worth  
Then heapes of countlesse, and vnvalued Treasure.  
But wher's the other Leader of that route,  
Surnam'd *Don Ugo*, is he scape the field?

*Sol* This Gentleman before *Medyna* dyed,  
Gaue him his pasport to his longest home  
But my good Lord, I almost had forgot  
The latter part of my behouefull message.  
There is a straunger Duke, of whence, my haste  
Suffred me not to be instructed,  
That likewise came with aide vnto our Campe,  
And is well knowne vnto my Lord of *Bullogne*.

1880

*Eper* Now if I were inclosde within my graue,  
I would as willingly forsake the world,  
As wofull prisioners many yeares deteind  
In darke obscuritie, could be content  
To chaunge the dungeon for a publike walke.  
But first let vs embrace our louing friend.

1890

*Sol.* Your honor may sit still, hees comming hither.

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell Duke of Brabant  
with souldiers.*

*Eper.* Right worthy Duke, whose victories euer shonne  
Through cloudes of enuy, and disafter chaunge,  
Make rich my bosome with imbalming thee,  
And wherein ought my restraines my faltring tongue  
Let vowes for words distinguish my content.  
Welcome, oh welcome to vngouernd *Fraunce*,  
Whose working garment of afflicting warre,

1900

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Is now cast off, and she hath gyrt her selfe  
In peacefull robes of holiday attire  
And you my Lord of *Brabant* as I thinke?

*Bra* Your friend Lord *Epernoune* in what he may.

*Eper* Welcome in sooth, your presence with the rest,  
Hath made me happie, and my countrey blest.

*Lod.* These greetings reuerend Earle, exceed desert,  
Had it bene *Lodwicks* fortune to haue donne  
Ten times more seruice then this dayes exployt :

1910

It might not be sufficient to redeeme  
The lack of his endeouours all this while.

But heauen and you I hope will pardon me,  
Considering I was forc't from hence to fle

*Eper.* I and most wrongfully inforc't my Lord,  
But he that was the author of that ill,  
The traytrous Duke of *Aniou*, by iust heauens,  
Now at your mercie stands, one fetch him forth,  
And *Lodwick* repossessed in the place,  
If that authoritie his highnesse gaue ;  
Iudge and condemne according as you please.

1920

*Lod.* No, let him still be prisoner where he is,  
Your wisdome hath discouerd his abuse,  
And our dread Soueraigne shall determine it :  
Were it my wrongs were greater then they are,  
I will not be a factor for my selfe.

Now, what is he my Lord of all this traine,  
By whom our other enemy was slaine?

*Don Vgo de Cordoua* : faine would I  
Know that braue Gentleman, and for the same,  
Adde somewhat more vnto his honourd name.

1930

*Eper.* Therein my Lord, I shall account my selfe,  
Much pleasurd by your grace : and this is he,  
My Lord of *Brabants* subiect as he said.

*Bra.* My subiect? traitrous villaine how he lies,  
But I will be reueng'd vpon his crimes.  
What may I call your name young Gentleman?

*Fer.* My name is *Ferdinand*

## *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Lod.* I know it well,  
And litle thinkes he tis the Sextons hands  
Draws forth a sword to giue him Knight-hood here:  
But I am glad it is my fortunes chaunce,  
To be of power to shew him any grace,  
Whom I admir'd when first I saw his face.  
Kneele downe young *Ferdinand*, and now againe,  
Rise vp Sir *Ferdinando*, *Lodwicks* Knight.

1940

*Bra.* And rise withall base *Ferdinand*, false wretch,  
Viler then puddle durt, thou spring of hate:  
Neuer begot but of some dunghill churle.  
Durst thou auow thou wast my subiect? durst  
That impious tongue pronounce my name,  
Whom thou hast most ingratfully incens'd?  
Villaine, more abiect than thought can decipher,  
But I am glad that we are met at last.  
Here in this presence I do chalenge thee  
Of most notorious felony and theft:  
Let me haue iustice on this fugitiue  
You Peeres of *Fraunce*, or else you iniure me.

1950

*Lod.* What moues the noble *Brabant* to this rage?

*Eper.* Oh wherefore staine you vertue and renowne  
With such foule tearmes of ignomy and shame?

1960

*Bra.* Vertue my Lords? you guild a rotten sticke,  
You spread faire honours garments on the ground,  
And dignifie a loathsome swine with Pearle.  
This shadow of a seeming Gentleman,  
This glosse of pietie, deceiues your sight:  
Hees nothing so, nor so, but one my Lords,  
Whom I haue fostred in my Court of almes  
And to requite my carefull indulgence,  
Hath Iudaillike betrai'd his maisters life,  
And stolne mine onely daughter to allay  
The sensuall fire of his inkindled lust:  
For which, let me haue iustice, and the law.

1970

*Lod.* You shall haue iustice, though I cannot thinke,  
So faire a shape hath had so foule a forge.

*Eper.*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Eper.* Alack the day, misfortune should so soone  
Disturbe our friendship was so well begunne:  
Come hither *Ferdinand*, and tell me truth  
If thou be guiltie as the Duke informes?

*Fer* I not denie my Lord, but I am married  
Vnto *Odillia*, though vnworthy farre  
Of such a gracious blessing: yet her loue  
Was forward in the choise as well as mine.

1980

*Bra* See how he goes about to cloake the fact  
With loue and marriage? no adulterous swaine,  
Your hedge-betroathing couenant shall not serue.  
Where is your sweete companion, where is she?  
But we will talke of that an other time  
Why is my Lord of *Bulloigne* so remisse,  
And will not presently be giuen in charge,  
A paire of boltes be clapt vpon his heeles?

1990

*Lod.* Without offence my Lord vnto your grace,  
My selfe will vndertake to be his bayle,  
And he shall answere if you so be please,  
Your accusation when you will appoint  
A day of hearing; be it to morrow next.

*Bra.* And euen to morrow let his triall be,  
I will no longer haue the cause deferd. *Exit.*

*Eper.* And *Ferdinando*, in this time of need,  
Old *Epernoune* will stand thee in some steed.

2000

Good Duke of *Bullen*, vse him kindly yet,  
Whil't I do follow this incensured Lord,  
And try if teares may driue him to accord. *Exit.*

*Lod.* Now *Ferdinand*, heres none but you and I,  
Know you not mee?

*Fer.* I cannot call it to my mind my Lord,  
That euer I did see your grace till now.

*Lod.* Bethinke your selfe, looke better on my face.

*Fer.* There is my Lord, with pardon be it spoke,  
A man in *Ards*, a Sezton of a Church,  
With whom I had acquaintance, he me thinks  
Is somewhat like your excellence, or else

2010



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

I do not know where I haue seene your fauour.

*Lod.* The Sexton there is Duke of *Bulloigne* here :

Be not abasht, twas I to whom you left  
Your faire *Odillia*, and tis I can witnesse,  
That you and she are lawfull man and wife.  
This may be some defence against the streame  
Of angry *Brabant*, that pursues your life.  
Come, I haue fend in priuate for the dame,  
And by all meanes to shield you both from shame.

2020

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Nicholas with a Letter, Odillia with a Letter* *Sc. xvii*  
*in her hand, Bunch, and Nuntio.*

*Ni.* And must we thus (faire Lady) forgo your sweet cōpany?

*Odil.* You see my Lord of *Bulloigne* sends for me,  
With him remaines my husband *Ferdinand*,  
So you perceiue how much it me concernes,  
To leaue this place to better my estate.

*Ni.* I cannot blame a faire Lady, to leaue a bad thing to go to a better: my friend, thank the Duke of *Bulloigne*, my quondam *2030*  
Sexton for his kind Letter. I may say that, nere a Priest in *Picardie* can say beside, that I haue had a Duke to my Sexton, bee it spoken without pride.

*Bunch.* The Diuell ye ha<sup>r</sup> was he not my petticeffor I pray ye? I washis quaintance afore he knew you, friend, do my condemnations to him, one *Bunch* that botch'd in his Citie, ran away in his company, and dwelt where hee dwelt, with Dutch *Yacob Smelt*. And for my better grace, ye may say *Barnabie Bunch* that has his Sextons place. Harke ye friend, you haue brought no diseases with ye, haue ye?  
*Aside.*

2040

*Nuntio.* Why doest thou aske so fond a question?

*Bunc* Marrie I spake to him when he went, to send the plague or the pox or some disease of high *France*, downe into this lowe Countrey, to lay the men of *Ards* lowe, that that I may haue money for their graues, and marrie one of their wiues, if ye haue any furmitie about ye, as the stone, or the dropisie, the pip, or the palsey, Ile giue ye as much for it as an other to haue it left in our

*Odil.* Will ye not write Sir *Nicholas* to the Duke? (Parish.

*Ni.* To tell ye true Lady, a Letter of six lines, is three dayes worke

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

worke for me. The Duke knowes my minde as well<sup>3</sup> as if I did 2050  
write: if he haue a better Benefice or two for me, tell him I will  
come.

*Bunch.* Then we come, both the Viccar and the Sexton.

*Odil* Why *Bunch*, I thought you would haue gonewith me.

*Bunch.* Truly not thus aduise, if ye had no husband, fo: but  
hauing a husband, no. I can be but well, and the hardest of my  
my learning is past: I can say *Amen* without booke, chime two  
Bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference  
of the stroakes in tolling for men and women: greafe the Bell-  
ropes, turne the clappers, sweepe the church, helpe the Viccar on 2060  
with his furpleffe. All this I haue by roate ye may tell the Duke,  
as if I had bene bound prentice to the Trade: and for making a  
graue, come all *Picardie* for the price of my pickaxe.

*Odil* We stay too long, Sir *Nicholas*, farewell,  
And farewell *Bunch*.

*Exeunt Odillia and Nuntio.*

*Bunch* Hartily to you: prayye condemn me to your husband  
M. fating Androw.

*Ni. Ferdinando, Bunch*, thou misterm'st his name.

*Bunch.* So haue you done many a one in the first lesson, God 2070  
forgiue ye.

*Ni.* Let that passe amongst the rest of my veniall finnes,  
And tell me *Bunch*, tell me, where's the best licker?

*Bunch.* At the greene Dragon gentle maister Viccar.

*Ni.* Will the Dragon sting?

*Bunch.* From the head to the heele,  
He will sting your braine fo, that heele make your feete reele.

*Ni.* Lets go play for two pots, away *Bunch* away.

*Bunch.* Then the Parish is like to haue no seruice to day. 2079

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell, Epernourne in his chaire,* Sc. xviii  
*Frederick with the Prouost and*  
*a Headfman.*

*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, many things might vrdge  
Your speed of Iustice, for so iust a wrong,  
As the regard of your owne princely state,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

In case of him that is an equall Peere,  
The right of Princes, which should vnder-prop  
An honourable and direct reuenge.

I could perhaps say, were it not in Iustice,  
The bloud of *Brabant*, should deserue of *Bulloigne*:  
But I disrobe and strip off all regard,  
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you,  
As comes an Infant borne into the world.

2090

*Lod.* My Lord of *Brabant*, what I freely vrdege,  
Is not to to stop or turne the course of Iustice,  
Which must sway all our actions, and must stand  
Steady and fixed in one certaine point:  
But onely by entreatie to your grace,  
To supple your proceeding in this case.

2100

*Eper.* My Lord of *Brabant*, may old *Epermonne*  
By license of my Lord, the Duke of *Bulloigne*  
Haue leaue to speake, an old foole that I am,  
By your good patience let me say my minde.  
Now by my troath I cannot speake for teares.  
Alasse, alasse, theres something I would say,  
Now God helpe age, would I were in my graue.  
Iustice may cut off *Ferdinand*, where is he?

O art thou there poore man? alasse, alasse:

Iustice may cut him off, Ile not denie,  
But turne him with his sword amongst his foes,  
And he that buyes his life shall buy it deare  
Alasse poore boy, would I could do thee good:

2110

Oh to see him leade an Armie in the field,  
Would make a man young, were as old as I.  
I would thou hadst dyed where I saw thee last,  
Euen in the midst of all the Spanish Armie,  
On that condition I had dide with thee:  
God helpe, God helpe, an ill mischance soone falles,  
And still the weakest goe vnto the walles.

2120

*Bra.* Defer me not my Lord, let me haue Iustice.

*Lod.* My Lord you must haue Iustice, that you know,  
But yet my Lord of *Brabant*, might our loue

Rebate

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Rebate this sharpe edge of your bitter wrath:  
With what an easie sweetnesse should our iudgement  
Be relished of euery gentle heart?

*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne* vrge me not with pittie,  
He against whom I am thus pittileffe  
Robd me of pittie. proceed vnto your iudgement

*Eper.* God help, pittie is banisht from the earth I see,  
Thou pittiest none, nor no man pitties thee

2130

*Bra.* Old man thou doatest.

*Eper.* Thou art a naughtie Lord, I tel thee *Brabant*,  
The day hath bene thou durst not tell me so.

*Lod.* Haue patience gentle father, true noble Lord,  
He will haue death: whose there?

Commaund the Lady presently be brought.

*Lodwick ascends, the Lady is brought in.*

*Bra.* *Lodwick* of *Bulloigne*, is it not inough  
Thou hast delaid me in the case of Iustice,  
But bringst this hatefull whore vnto my sight  
To vex and grieue my soule? I tell thee *Bulloigne*,  
Thou wrongst mine honour with indignitie.

2140

*Fre.* Ah were it any tongue that calld thee so  
But his *Odillia*, I would make that word  
Hereticall and full of blasphemie.

*Bra.* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I will not abide her.

*Lod.* My Lord you must abide her, since for her  
You seeke the life of this young *Ferdinand*,  
Sift lawe so stricktly, follow the offence,  
Take all aduantage of your euidence.

2150

*Eper.* Now by my troath a goodly wench indeed:  
Alas poore Earle, faire Princeesse speake thy mind  
And Ile stand by thy side, and yet I cannot,  
Ah this whorson age, well, well.

*Hee weepes.*

*Bra.* I will not heare her speake.

*Lod.* All's one my Lord of *Brabant*, we will heare her:  
Speake freely Princeesse, and without controll.

*Odil.* Right reuerend Lord, if onely for my sake,

2160

I

My

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

My father seeke the death of *Ferdinand*,  
I heere acquit my husband of the fault,  
Although I cannot of the punishment.  
I was the theefe, I was the rauisher,  
And I am onely guiltie of the fact.  
How like a robber did I lie in waite  
With beautie to entrap his gentle youth?  
And like a spirit when he hath walkt alone,  
How was I euer tempting him to loue?  
How with my fauour did I worke his breast,  
Which at the first was stubborne, Iron, cold,  
Till I brought his heart to supple temper,  
To take the soft impression of affection?  
With these allurements would I oft entice him,  
Though thou be base, my loue shall make thee noble:  
Though thou be poore, my power shall make thee rich:  
Though thou be scornd, my state shall make thee reuerenc'd.  
Let any of you all thinke with himselfe,  
Were he so meane, so friendlesse, and vnknowne,  
Wooed by a virgin Princeesse of my birth,  
So young, so great, so rich, as is my selfe:  
Thinkes he, he would not do as he hath done?  
Hees guiltlesse of the fault: I was the cause,  
Let me endure the rigor of your lawes.

2170

2180

*Fer.* O thou dost wound my loue with too much louing,  
Thy beautie is not prized but with death:  
That man hath not a soule, that would not die,  
One houre t'enioy thy blessed company.

*Eper* Nay, I must weep out these poore eyes are left,  
I neuer saw a cause so full of pittie.

2190

*Bra.* My Lord proceed, the law adiudges death  
To him that steales the heire of any Prince,  
That's not a Prince that doth commit the act.  
He is my slaue, one that was found by me  
Being a child, not fully two yeares old,  
And as't should seeme, begot in bastardie,  
And by the parents to that wicked fruite,

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Left in the Riuers fegges, there to be drownd,  
What time the warres in *Burgundy* fell out,  
And that my Dutcheffe perisht in the flight,  
Nor neuer did I know what was his name,  
Being so young, he could not tell the same:  
Onely vpon his muckiter and band, he had an F.  
By which I did suppose his name was *Ferdinand*,  
And so I nam'd him.

2200

*Lod.* O blessed heauen, what sound is this I heare?  
My litle boy was lost euen at that time:  
Iust of that age, and by that Riuers side,  
Whose name was christned *Fredericke*, by my father,  
And had an F. on euery thing he wore.  
It is my sonne, be silent yet a while.  
My Lord of *Brabant*, then I take exception  
Both vnto your enditement, and your plea.

2210

*Bra.* As how my Lord of *Bulloigne*? do me iustice.

*Lod.* He is endited by the name of *Ferdinand*,  
And I will proue him christned *Fredericke*,  
And thus is your enditement ouerthrowne.

*Bra.* It is a fallacie my Lord of *Bulloigne*,  
He hath bene euer called by that name.

*Bulloigne*, do me iustice, or by heauen  
It is not *Fraunce* shall hold thee, impious Duke.

2220

*Lod.* Nay if ye be so hotte my Lord of *Brabant*,  
Then to your plea, that doth concerne him most.  
The lawe is this, that he shall loose his head,  
That steales away the heire of any Prince,  
If not a Prince that doth commit the rape

*Bra.* So is my plea.

*Lod.* I graunt, but voyd in this.  
He is a Prince that stole away thy daughter,  
This is not *Ferdinand*, but *Frederick*:  
The heire of *Bulloigne*, and my onely sonne,  
Ah my sweete boy, ah my deare *Frederick*:  
Here now I stand, and here doth stand my boy,  
In Christendome let any two that dare

2230

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Auerre it to the father and the sonne,  
That he is not as great a Prince as *Brabant*.

*Eper* Nay Ile be one, any three what ere they be,  
And *Brabant* be thou one to answere vs,  
Some honest man helpe me to *Friederick*.  
For ioy I shall weepe out mine eyes

2240

*Bra Bulloigne*, how doest thou know him for thy sonne?

*Lod* Why Cousin *Brabant*, you say you found him  
Hid in the fegs by the Riuer · euen at that instant,  
And at the very place, the Dutcheffe my deare sifter perished:  
With whom my litle boy was at that time,  
The place, the instant, and his certaine age,  
The letters set to signifie his name,  
The very manner of your finding him  
When you departed from me with your Armie,  
In the pursuite of traytrous *Mercurie*  
These all affirme that he is onely mine.

2250

*Bra*. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I embrace your loue,  
In all firme and true brotherly affection:  
I make your sonne my sonne, my daughter yours,  
And do intreat in Princely curtesie,  
Old grieve henceforth, no more be thought vpon.

*Lod*. Deare brother *Brabant*, your true princely kindnesse  
Doth but forestall, what I would haue requested.

Right noble Prince, I giue you *Friederick*,  
And I accept your sweete *Odillia*

2260

Come, thou art now the Duke of *Bulloignes* daughter,  
Thy husband is the Duke of *Brabants* sonne,  
Thou shalt be now my care, my sonne thy fathers.  
Thus do we make exchange betwixt each others,  
Thus should it be, betwixt two louing brothers.

*Eper* Nay, nay, let me be one I pray you Lords,  
I haue no child left to inherit mine  
When I shall die, as long I cannot liue,  
I freely giue them all that ere I haue.

*He weepes.*

*Lod*. A thousand thanks, true noble *Epernoune*:  
Brother of *Brabant*, *Friederick*, and faire Princeffe,

2270

Imbrace

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Imbrace this noble Lord, and hold him deare.

*All together.* Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,  
And be you euer honoured of vs all.

*Enter Villiers, Oriana, and Diana.*

*Vil* Iustice my Lord of *Bulloigne*, I beseech you

*Bul* My friend, what is thy cause, then let vs know,  
Sit downe good brother *Brabant*, and the rest

*Vil* My Lord, my sute is here against a widow  
That I haue long time su'd in way of marriage.

2280

*Bul.* Let me with iudgement view this woman well *Aside.*  
Stay let me see, it is my *Oriana*,

And my poore *Dyan*, my deare loued Girle.

Alasse poore soules, what woe and miserie

Haue ye endured since I left you last?

I will forbear my knowledge till I see

To what effect this cause will fort vnto.

Tell on your case: of whence, and whats your name?

*Vil.* I am of *Rochell*, and my name *Villiers*.

*Lod.* Of what profession?

2290

*Vil.* A Merchant I, my honourable Lord.

*Ori.* But though you be a Merchant, I beleue  
Here is some ware you must not deale withall.

Thinkst thou *Dyana*, my deare Lord thy father,

Will know vs in this Seampsters poore disguise?

*Dya.* Madam, I know not, for much time is past  
Since he at *Newkerk* parted with vs last.

She must be widow if the Merchants wife,

But by this match I thinke hee'll hardly thrive.

*Lod. M. Villiers*, you shall haue Iustice sir,

2300

Speake in your cause you haue free libertie.

*Vil* My Lord of *Bulloigne*, thus then stands my case,

This Gentlewoman whom my sute concernes,

Being embark'd for England with her daughter,

To seeke her husband as she made report,

Twixt Sluice in *Flaunders* where she went aboard,

And Goodwines Sands, by sturdie aduerse windes,

Was beaten backe vpon the coast of *Fraunce*,

And came to *Rochell*, where my dwelling is

I ta-



*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

I taking liking of her, entertained her,  
Let her a house convenient as I thought,  
And lent her money to supply her wants,  
And afterwards wonne by affection,  
I did solicite her in way of marriage,  
But still she did deferre me with delays,  
Because she said her husband still did live:  
But for my kindness if her husband died,  
She told me then, I was the likest to speed.  
She having got some money by her needle,  
Desired me to let her have a lease:

2310

2320

The lease was drawne, to which she put her name  
Widow, which here her owne hand testifies:  
Which being thus confessed by her selfe,  
I by her promise claime her for my wife

*Lod* The case is plaine

*Oria*. That he shall go without mee.

*Lod* Lady, what way have you to auoyd this bond?  
Here is your hand set to confirme the deed.

*Oria*. But not my heart: and that I will be sworne  
Heer's one I thinke, that hath had that too long  
To leaue it now, or else I haue more wrong  
Vnto the Scriuener I referd the same,  
And he put that word, widow to my name  
I humbly do intreat your highnes fauour,  
For if you knew where I had dwelt before,  
I thinke you would do that for me, and more

2330

*Lod* Speak gentlewoman, where haue you bin bred?

*Oria*. I was attending in my yonger yeares,  
And this sweet Girle, though now thus mean & poore  
Vpon the Duchesse, the Dukes wife of *Bulloigne*  
Though I say it, one that she loued once,  
Whilst she did flourish in prosperitie:

2340

And had not fortune much impaired her state,  
I had not now stood in such need of friends  
But when the greatest into daunger falles,  
The weakest still did go vnto the walles.

*She weepes.*

*Lod.*

*The weakest goeth to the wall.*

*Lod.* Tis very true, that haue I tried my selfe,  
Thy teares no longer can conceale my loue  
Rise *Oriana*, rise my sweete *Dyana*,  
*Lodwicks* true wife, and his right vertuous  
Imbrace thy lost sonne *Frederick* once more,  
Whom we supposed neuer to haue seene  
With him receiue a daughter, *Brabants* heire,  
He hath bene foster-father to thy boy,  
And both are here to full compleat our ioy.

2350

*Oria.* My deare *Frederick* ?

*Dia.* My beloued brother ?

*Fre.* Oh happie *Frederick* finding such a mother,  
And such a sister, father, friends and all,  
Neuer a man did better fortune fall.

2360

*Lod.* How say you M. Merchant ? is your suite voyd  
In lawe or no ? is she a widow now ?

*Vil.* No my good Lord, and I reioyce thereat

*Lod.* Thankes, but we will requite thy loue and kindnesse  
Extended to them in necessitie.

And our reward thou shalt haue liberally.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What newes with thee, thou comest in such haste :

*Mes.* His highnesse from his holy Pilgrimage  
Is home returnd, and doth require your presence.

2370

*Lod.* That's but our dutie, welcome is our King,  
His highnesse now shall sentence traitrous *Anon*,  
According as his trecheries deserue,  
And all our ioyes shall be disclosde to him,  
That haue so happily this day befallne.  
Thus time the saddest heart from sorrow calles,  
And helpes the weake, long thrust into the walles.

*Exeunt.*